LOOKING FORWARD

LAST FALL THE OUTLOOK urged the formation of A High Command for Business. Followed an article by Mr. Guy Greer entitled A General Staff for Business. Mr. Norman Thomas discussed the idea from a Socialistic standpoint, while many other men in different places voiced their views upon the subject. In the current *Harpers,* now, we see that Mr. Stuart Chase is making the specific proposal that the old War Industries Board be revived and charged with carrying out an American Ten Year peace plan; while in the *Forum* next month, Mr. Charles Beard will set forth what he considers the essentials for a Five Year plan. In short, in many minds the conviction has been growing that America should take a step forward in the next decade and evolve a planned industrial world upon an American model.

THE DIFFICULTY IS THAT, so far, the majority of those so convinced are what might be called observers of the American industrial scene and not leading participants in it. We see, for instance, no sign of any general consensus of opinion among the leading business men that the moment has arrived when any such step must be taken. The Administration, of course, continues to insist that if there ever were a business depression, it will be over next week. The Democrats, without any specific suggestion as yet, content themselves with loud assertions that the economic issue will play a large part in the next campaign. But these things are part of politics.

THE POINT IS that so far no outstanding industrial leader or great banker has stepped forward with any concrete proposal for action. So far as business leadership is concerned, the seven million continue to walk the streets. Charities and municipalities groan. The stock market sinks lower and lower. Editors fulminate. Theorists pound typewriters. Realists await replacement buying and put their faith in the return of old-fashioned thrift. But the ship of American business herself merely continues to wallow along, very low in the water, bound for a presumably cheerful but quite unknown destination.

IS THIS AMERICAN COMMONSENSE and a triumph for rugged, hardheaded individualism? Or is it the act of a crew of ostriches? Are we merely weathering a storm and still headed for prosperity harbor? Or are we actually going nowhere at all, and without the sense to recognize it? Certainly, if ever American industrial leaders owed it to their country to do some hard thinking and courageous speaking, they owe it now. We have heard enough for a while from theorists. Let us hear from business. What do our business leaders think?

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

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Next Week

Colleges for Crooks. By Jack Holland.
A prison today resembles a fraternity house in its luxuries and entertainments, says this former convict who asks the question: "Is this the way to reform criminals?"

Silver Shackles. By L. B. N. Gnaedinger.
Depression has hit the silver market and silver currencies, creating many injustices and inequities. Mr. Gnaedinger tells vividly how and why silver shackles impede the movements of world commerce and finance.

Royal Intrigue in Roumania. By Konrad Bercovici.
King Carol is stumbling toward disaster, Mr. Bercovici says in describing the character of Roumania's new ruler and the webs of fresh intrigue now being spun around him.

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THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

May 27, 1931

▶▶ Trend of the Week ◀◀

▶▶*The Referendum Trick*

THERE is a sour motive in the sweet plan of testing public sentiment in Connecticut on the Eighteenth Amendment. Under the terms of a bill just passed by the legislature, if a majority so wills in a referendum to be held next year, Connecticut will automatically petition Congress to submit to the states a Twentieth Amendment repealing the Eighteenth. Hence the will of the people could not be spiked by dry legislators or a dry governor, as in Illinois. Nevertheless, the bill is a trick. The eyes of the Republicans who dominate the legislature were on the 1932 elections when they voted for it. While the Connecticut Legislature has never ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, owing to the Republican drys from the small towns it has never militantly opposed it. Nor would it now had it not been for the election as Governor of Dean Cross, wet Democrat, in this overwhelmingly Republican state last year.

What the Republicans hope is that in 1932 wet sentiment may be diverted from the candidates, both state and national, to the referendum, so that wet Republicans will vote their convictions in the referendum and the straight Republican ticket in the elections. The scheme failed in Massachusetts in 1928, when the voters demanded repeal in the referendum but also supported the wet candidate for President, Al Smith. It may fail again in Connecticut. Politicians go pretty far when they ask the electorate to vote wet in a referendum and dry in an election on the same day. Especially when voters are beginning to realize that the only real way to secure repeal is to vote for candidates who stand for it.

▶▶*Nye on Chain Stores*

SENATOR NYE of North Dakota, celebrated custodian of the Senate's financial morals, entered a wider field during the Independent Grocery Trade Convention of New York State. In his speech in New York on May 17 he proposed that an effective fight be made on chain stores by bringing independent merchants in all lines together in a nation-wide organization. Whether or not such an organization would be wieldy or practicable, the plan is fairly sound theoretically. It is, of course, tantamount to fighting fire with fire, i. e., fighting chain stores with a chain of stores. This projected imitation of chain-store mechanics is a welcome, though belated, recognition of the fact that, whatever else may be said of them, chain stores comprise an advance in the distribution of goods.

Instead of stopping there, however, Senator Nye followed up by requesting support for bills which would make existing anti-trust laws more effective when turned against chain stores as "monopolies" in restraint of trade. Carried out logically, his proposal might end in his own independent organization being haled into the courts. Mr. Nye might well look into the oil situation. There he would find that the very factor keeping the independents from putting up a first-class battle against the "monopolies" is that the anti-trust laws have been made too effective. Evidently Mr. Nye is in the position of one who catches a glimpse of a fairly good idea and then loses it in a fog.

▶▶*"Ten Greatest" Stuff*

ON MAY 17, a quiet, summery Sunday in New York City, John Haynes Holmes, having apparently little else to talk about, confronted his Community Church congregation with a list of the "ten greatest" women of today. Mr. Holmes' list included: Jane Addams, Annie Besant, Catherine Breshkovsky, Mme. Curie, Emma Goldman, Helen Keller, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sarojini Naidu, Margaret Sanger and Sigrid Undset. Now let some one come forward with a list of the ten greatest American clergymen.

▶▶*Federal Penny-Saving*

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH President Hoover's economy drive on the War Department is that it has been grossly over-advertised. Confronted by a deficit mounting toward the billion-dollar mark and the prospect of something of the same sort for the ensuing fiscal year—July 1, 1931, to June 30, 1932—he has proposed to reduce government expenditures by eliminating twenty to thirty Army posts which, according to the Army General Staff, can be abandoned without impairment of military effectiveness. While the proposed economy is good enough as far as it goes, it does not go nearly so far as newspaper stories originating at the White House may suggest to the average reader. Although Mr. Hoover has carefully refrained from estimating the projected savings, they will probably be inconsequential in comparison with federal expenditures of four billion dollars and more a year.

Nevertheless, a penny saved being

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a penny made, Mr. Hoover's move would have deserved unqualified praise if it had been accompanied with a little less beating of drums. A few months back the Administration was feeding the newspapers with stories leaving the impression that great savings were about to be made in naval expenditures. Now it's the Army's turn, though in both cases the economies have been greatly exaggerated. At best they are piffling by contrast with the enormous and futile expenditures made for the Administration's $500,000,000 Farm Board.

▶▶*Logician Mitchell*

For disingenuous and dishonest reasoning, the following paragraph from Attorney General Mitchell's nation-wide radio address of May 16 takes the cake:

"The assertion has been made that the principal source of gang power is the profit derived from illegal liquor traffic, and that the elimination, by some means, of this source of revenue would put an end to criminal gangs and racketeering. In the recent income-tax prosecutions against a number of these organized gangsters it was developed that, on an average, not over twenty per cent of their revenue came from liquor traffic, and this has been diminishing; and if this be an indication of general conditions, the removal of illicit liquor traffic as a source of revenue would not end gangsterism and racketeering."

Underwood

TALKS OF RACKETS
William D. Mitchell, Attorney General of the United States

What we have here, obviously, is a man refusing to draw logical conclusions from his own premises. If prohibition supplies gangsters with twenty per cent of their revenue, it logically follows that the way to attack these gangsters is to get rid of prohibition. Mr. Mitchell knows this as well as any one else. He is simply afraid to say so, since that would class him and the Administration which employs him as wet; whereas, they believe, political expediency demands that they be dry.

"The assertion has been made," he says—as if those who made it were crazy—that prohibition is the principal source of the gangster's revenue. Yet in the next breath he practically makes this assertion himself. If prohibition, which, he declares, provides twenty per cent of that revenue, isn't the "principal source," what other single thing is?

"The assertion has been made," he says again, that the elimination of prohibition "would put an end to criminal gangs and racketeering." Made by whom? No sensible person asserts any such thing. What sensible people do say is that, while the repeal of prohibition would not destroy the gangster, it would strike a heavy blow at him. And so it would. Moreover, Mr. Mitchell knows it. If prohibition were not a political issue he'd admit it.

▶▶*Drama in Russia*

Brief dispatches from Moscow to leading American newspapers announce that more than fifty per cent of peasant land holdings throughout Russia have now been absorbed in collective farms, that the number of such holdings in collectives has doubled during the past year and that the collectivization movement is seven months ahead of schedule. Do you consider the news unimportant? If you do, you are wrong. As a matter of fact, the dispatches trace the development of one of the greatest dramas of our time.

In his new book, *Red Bread,* Maurice Hindus declares that he cannot help regarding collectivization of the land as "the most colossal revolution that mankind has ever witnessed." To Stalin and his cohorts, he says, it has come to mean the life or death of the Revolution. "Henceforth it must be the pivot on which the Revolution is to revolve. Should this pivot give way, the Revolution can only blow to pieces . . . . But should it hold together, should collectivization as an economic enterprise prove feasible, however moderately, it will transfigure Russia as nothing else that the Bolsheviks have launched or have planned to launch." It will transfigure not only the mechanics of farming, but the structure of Russian society. The thatch-roofed villages, the church, private property and the family in their present forms, will disappear. "Man, under the impetus of the new changes, is destined to acquire a body of motives, aims, relationships, which in time will make Russia an anomaly among the nations, a real Mars on earth. Limitless and fantastic are the social transmutations inherent in collectivization."

WRITES OF RUSSIA
Maurice Hindus, author of "Humanity Uprooted" and "Red Bread"

Well, the collectivization movement is succeeding. Last year, according to official Soviet figures, which may exaggerate but probably tell the essential truth, collective farms produced from seven to ten per cent more grain an acre than peasant farms in the same districts. The attempt to hammer the peasants into collectives, carried on ruthlessly in January and February of 1930, has ceased. The field workers are again relying mainly on insistent persuasion. But the collectivization movement continues to make astonishing progress. Further compulsion should not be necessary. With fifty per cent of the peasants' holdings already collectivized, complete collectivization when the Five-Year Plan ends in 1933 seems reasonably certain. What this will mean to Russia, Mr. Hindus has vividly revealed.

▶▶*Brightest-Boy Game*

A drab summer this is turning out to be. First, there is Bobby Jones, keeping

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himself away from the English and American golf matches where he belongs. Again, there is the American Davis Cup tennis team, racing from court to court without the inimitable Tilden, who was worth half a column of color any day. Now, to cap the climax, there is our old friend, Thomas Edison, announcing that there will be no test this summer to determine the brightest boy in the U. S. A.

Why class the Edison contest with golf and tennis? Because that was a game primarily, too, as any one will admit who watched the Edison contest of 1929 or that of 1930. It was in the first year that Wilbur Huston, son of a Seattle Bishop, won Mr. Edison's four-year, all-expense college scholarship after bobbing up as the brightest boy in his own state, as forty-seven others had in theirs. Young Huston scored in the finals by knocking out telling answers to questions about the identity of Jenny Lind, the authorship of *Treasure Island*, what to do with a million dollars, when to tell a lie, and so on. The procedure of the next summer was much the same, Arthur O. Williams, Jr., the Providence, Rhode Island, flash, hurdling to victory over questions about microfarad, the London naval conference, Pithecanthropus erectus and the League of Nations.

Important tournament touches included a glimpse of Colonel Lindbergh, a handshake with Mayor Walker, a visit to Coney Island and a slice of the Edison birthday cake. Each of these things seemed to make the game a little more jolly for Mr. Edison. Each helped to keep the public as interested in the contest as it would be in a good World Series. Now that it is gone we shall miss it. Dog days will be dull without it.

▶▶*War Plan*

In these piping times of peace it is interesting to learn that the War Department has well-laid plans for the speedy mobilization of an army of 4,000,000 men and the operation of industries necessary to equip, supply and support them. Details were described on May 13 by Major General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, to the War Policies Commission of legislators and Cabinet members created by the last Congress to devise means "to promote peace and to equalize the burdens and to minimize the profits of war." The soldiers, according to General MacArthur, would be drafted much as they were in the recent war, though the registration would be much quicker, would embrace from the start all men from 18 to 45 years of age, and would permit, not exemptions from service, but, instead, "deferments" for those with dependents and those vitally needed in industry.

The present regular army and the National Guard is being trained as a nucleus for these 4,000,000 "Class I" men, for the 7,000,000 more available between the ages of 21 and 30, and other millions on tap below and above these age limits. Plans for equipment and supplies are equally impressive. The War Department has made estimates of

Keystone

READY FOR WAR

Major General MacArthur, Chief of Staff of United States Army

amounts of equipment required during the successive war-time periods, beginning with the first day. It has also made surveys of factories, allotted certain war-time duties to them, and laid plans for agencies to determine reasonable prices for general governmental buying.

If war comes, these plans will be an invaluable aid in preventing costly delays. But they are not what the War Policies Commission was set up to find. The fault is that conscription is to apply to soldiers but not to labor, capital and industry. Unless it applies to all alike, there is no chance of balancing the burdens of war or of cutting its profits to the bone. It is well enough for the War Department to prepare plans to put an army in the field but they should be extended to include two objectives. The first should be to make war such a profitless undertaking for individuals and industries that no one will want war. The other should be to provide means to throw the full force of the nation into a war which comes nevertheless. Anything short of this comprises, during peace, an invitation to war and, during war, an invitation to defeat.

▶▶*The Legion as Economist*

In requesting that President Hoover call a non-political conference to seek a solution for the problems of unemployment and business depression, the American Legion manoeuvres itself into a ridiculous position. Not that the proposal itself is absurd, for Heaven knows that something should be done. The absurd thing is that it should come from the veterans, the only class of people for whom the government has done anything of consequence during the present crisis. It is only three months ago that the Legion touched Congress for a bonus bill which enabled the average veteran to borrow $500 on his insurance certificate, which has already taken $700,000,000 from the Treasury and may take a good deal more. Compared with the average unemployed person, who has had virtually no help from the federal government, the average veteran with $500 in his pocket is a plutocrat. Moreover, what was done for the veterans was done at the expense of the rest of the country. It might even have been possible to force a billion-dollar public works program through Congress had not the veterans grabbed the billion for themselves. That plan for the relief of unemployment died when the grab succeeded.

Now the Legion wants the proposed conference to investigate "charges" (as one newspaper puts it) that legislative bodies have erected barriers to the sale of American products—as they certainly have—and that financial and business leaders failed—as they certainly did—to "recognize the warning that might have in some measure minimized the depression that followed." It would not be easy to find any one to defend either the leadership of business or the leadership of a legislative body called Congress, but what a pot-and-kettle farce for the Legion to attack them—the selfsame Legion which itself had no other plan to overcome unemployment and business depression than to give each veteran a pocketful of cash. If the proposed unemployment conference is held, let us hope that it does not fall under the control of the Legion, which would probably urge Uncle Sam to cure his

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economic illness by giving the veterans $10,000 and a Hispano-Suiza apiece.

▶▶*Improved Enforcement*

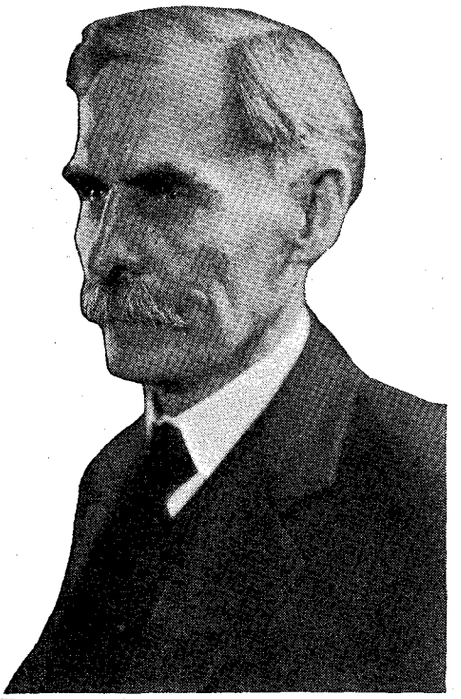
EVERY day in every way, says the well-known Andrew J. Volstead, prohibition enforcement is getting better and better. "There is today nothing like the sale of liquor there was three years ago. Bootleggers formerly prosperous are making a bare living with but few exceptions. We are making progress."

How much progress may be suggested by the Prohibition Bureau's figures for ten months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931. During these ten months there were 50,801 arrests for violation of the prohibition laws, the average fine was $146.64 and the average prison sentence 221 days. Meanwhile, dry agents seized 45,086 stills and fermenters, 1,357,972 gallons of spirits and 4,076,899 gallons of beer. Mr. Volstead, no doubt, would say that the agents arrested, not merely a small proportion of our bootleggers, but most of them; not merely a small part of their product, but most of it. Doubtless he would also rejoice over the recent raid on the Salvadorean Legation at Washington, in which the thieves severely injured the Chargé d'Affaires, Dr. Don Carlos Leiva, and made off with seventeen cases of liquor. Probably Mr. Volstead would explain that bootleggers have been so hounded and bedeviled by dry agents that they are now obliged to turn to raids on the foreign legations for a source of supply. Yet one can scarcely repress the fear that, at this rate, enforcement may soon improve to the point where the harassed bootleggers will decide that the only really safe places to store their liquor are the National Capitol and the White House, and will take over both buildings for that purpose.

▶▶*Insulting Intelligence*

IN THE midst of their most serious business depression, Americans have a right to insist that, if their political leaders cannot lead them out of the woods, they can at least stop insulting their intelligence. Specifically, they have a right to demand an end to such guff as that delivered at Austin, Texas, by Jouett Shouse, Democrat, and that delivered at White Plains, New York, on the same day by Representative John Q. Tilson, Republican.

Mr. Shouse, addressing the Texas Legislature, played up economic issues and played down the prohibition issue. He thought it would be deplorable if national elections "should hinge forever on the question of prohibition," announced that he and Mr. Raskob would wholeheartedly support the Democratic nominee, whether he be wet or dry, and declared that all other issues were dwarfed by unemployment. "I do not consider prohibition the paramount issue of the coming campaign," he said. Evidently he forgot that press services would carry his words to the wet North,



Underwood

BACK IN PRINT
Andrew J. Volstead, who —, but, oh what's the use?

which would conclude that he is up to the old trick of minimizing the prohibition issue in dry territory, magnifying it in wet territory and attempting to win over both. As, indeed, he is. So doing, he is insulting the intelligence of southerners, who know perfectly well that Mr. Raskob is striving to make the Democratic party wet in 1932, that Mr. Shouse is helping him and that, because the populous industrial states of the North insist that the Democratic party be wet and may go Republican if it isn't, they will probably succeed.

While Mr. Shouse was blabbering in Austin, Mr. Tilson was blubbering in White Plains about Mr. Hoover's steady hands at the helm during the "recent" depression—as if the depression were all over, as if we were not in the midst of it now. What can it matter what else a man says who refers to the depression in the past tense; who, one day before the American Federation of Labor advises workers to "resist to the fullest extent" any general reduction in wages, declares that during the "recent" depression "there were no strikes and no lockouts"? How could the Westchester Women's Republican Club listen to nonsense like that?

▶▶*He Who Got Tapped*

THE April-May issue of *The Harkness Hoot,* organ of undergraduate opinion at Yale, appeared with an article entitled *The Elks in Our Midst,* from the flaming pen of Richard S. Childs of the class of 1932, who will be an editor of the magazine next year. It was a pretty slashing article, all about the four Senior Societies at Yale—Scroll and Key, Skull and Bones, Wolf's Head and Elihu Club. "We feel that they must go," said the author, adding that "these campus Elks, Masons, secret-what-you-wills, that undertake to select men on a basis of personality and accomplishment, seem so hideously outdated, so out of step with the very ideals of university life, that it is hard for us to believe in their existence today . . . . If the members of 1932 recognize the issue, and decide that the day of the Societies is past, they can kill those Societies by a moment's action. No more is needed than that the Juniors refrain from appearing, like slaves for sale, upon the campus on Tap Day. If the class simply stays in its rooms for that one hour, the Senior Societies automatically fall. And out of that change of mind, some newer and more fitting social system may arise."

Then came May 14, Tap Day, and the Juniors gathered as usual on the campus, where as usual sixty were tapped for membership in the four Societies. Mr. Childs, though, didn't appear on the campus; he remained in his room. Sought out there and tapped, he accepted election to Scroll and Key . . . . A few weeks ago, Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, had a good cry over the radical tendencies of youth and the radical influences in our schools and colleges. If we were Mr. Lucas we'd dry our eyes and smile.

▶▶*Two's Enough*

Two years ago the average American might have scoffed to hear that, for the sake of economy, England had abandoned the construction of dirigibles.

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Whatever his opinion as to the dirigible's military value, he might have concluded that the English were short-sighted skinflints to practice the old economic doctrine of thrift in what was then known as a new economic era. Not so on May 14, 1931, when Premier MacDonald made his announcement to Parliament. Premier MacDonald's plan is to abandon dirigible construction, reduce equipment and cut organization expenditures to the bone, retaining the R-100, sister ship of the ill-fated R-101, and a personnel nucleus for experimentation but depending largely upon experiments with dirigibles in Germany and the United States. England has spent some $12,000,000 on dirigible construction alone since the armistice. Henceforth it will spend, all told, but $700,000 a year.

On the whole this plan seems to have been sympathetically received in the United States, a fact which indicates the change that has come over this country. It is not that dirigibles have proved disappointing in the past two years; it is rather that government deficits have proved embarrassing. Thus, again, sympathy rather than derision met the proposal of Chairman Reed of the Senate Military Affairs Committee that the United States save a few dollars by confining all dirigible experiments to the Navy. Aviation enthusiasts need not fear that this would hamper the dirigible's development. As a matter of fact, the Navy has been conducting all the major dirigible experiments for several years with the Los Angeles and will soon have the larger Akron. Funds are also available for the construction of a sister-ship for the Akron, but, with dirigibles still in the experimental stage, two would appear to be sufficient. In these days of deficits our government might well take a leaf from the English book and postpone the construction of the sister-ship indefinitely.

▶▶*Williamstown Again*

SEVERAL HUNDRED American and foreign politicians, educators and other shapers of public opinion are now checking off the last two days of July and the first twenty-seven of August for the annual picnic at the Institute of Politics in Williamstown, Massachusetts. Founded in 1920 through the generosity of Bernard M. Baruch, the institute was designed as a miniature, unofficial League of Nations which might bring out the facts in important international problems as well as the various opinions and interpretations of them. Like last year's program, this year's—recently announced by Dr. Harry A. Garfield, chairman of the institute and president of Williams College—places emphasis on world economics. In addition to a number of round-table discussions, there will be lectures on the economics of capitalism, the economics of Fascism and—Heaven and Ham Fish willing—the economics of Communism. With the round-table problems varying from the future of democracy to the distribution of wealth and income, Williamstown offers a menu at least as enticing as last year's.

The principal fear of the moment is that the Williamstown courses may be cooked, served and swallowed in the 1930 fashion. As William Loeb, Jr., wrote in the OUTLOOK of October 8, 1930, there were three major counts against the institute—"a disregard of impartiality which results in many conferences where but one side of a question is represented, a complete departure from the principle avowed originally of limiting the membership of the institute to only those people whose background and abilities fitted them to make contributions to the discussions, a lack of discrimination in choosing speakers and round-table leaders which has re-

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 125.

There are three sorts of people during periods of depression; those who have too little; those who have just enough; and those who have more than they require.—MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

C. M. Littlejohn, 2523 Juneau St., Seattle, Wash., $5 prize.

Unemployed money presents a greater problem than unemployed men.—ADOLPH OCHS.

Mrs. Elsie Giles, Box 57, R.D.W., Colton Ave., Redlands, Cal., $2 prize.

A way will be found to retain all of the comedy value of *Once in a Lifetime* without ridiculing the motion picture industry.—CARL LAEMMLE.

Jacob Yezbok, 44 Washington Square, New York, N. Y., $2 prize.

I don't care a hang whether I ever make another film.—CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

F. W. Bangs, 121 Newtonville Ave., Newton, Mass., $2 prize.

Time devoted to Greek and Latin grammar is wasted. All that is needed of Greek or Latin could be learned by an intelligent boy in one week.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

H. C. Kistler, 131 E. Philadephia St., York, Pa., $2 prize.

Advertising has proved itself the greatest single civilizing factor in the history of the world since the beginning of time.—PROFESSOR F. ALLEN BURT.

Jacob Freedberg, 49 Arthur St., Worcester, Mass., $2 prize.

The real findings of the Wickersham Commission have been kept from the public by the wet press and anti-prohibition influences.—DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

Will Thomas Withrow, 159 Plymouth Ave., N., Rochester, N. Y., $2 prize.

Prohibition is like a divorce case, both sides are right.—MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

R. N. Gresham, San Antonio, Texas, $2 prize.

The great majority of those doing useful work are morons.—DR. HASTINGS H. HART.

Albert Rabinowitz, 1894 Arthur Ave., New York, N. Y., $2 prize.

Only a lunatic could be an optimist in New York.—DR. STEPHEN WISE.

Hiram Smith, 621 Blackman St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., $2 prize.

The most dangerous time of all in a marriage is when a couple are around the thirtieth year of their married life. Once they get past that, they are safe for the balance of the journey.—DOROTHY DIX.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $2 prize.

Thinking, like sex, is one of mankind's most venerable habits.—DR. JOSEPH JASTROW.

Miss Margaret Taylor, 1017 Harvard St., Rochester, N. Y.

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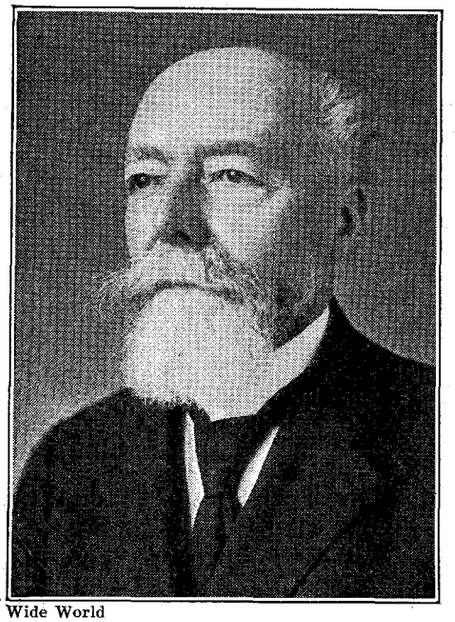

Wide World

WAS ELECTED
Paul Doumer, president of French Senate and President-elect of France

sulted in the introduction to the institute of many propagandists and speakers whose closed minds and emotional bias utterly unfitted them to conduct enlightening discussion."

It was a strong indictment but a convincing one. It showed, among other things, that an admiral conducted the round-table on naval limitation; a die-hard Britisher—Lord Meston—the round-table on India, and Ivy Lee, best known as the Rockefeller press agent, the general conference on Russia, whose recognition by the United States he devoutly desires. At present, all one can do is to hope that this year the errors of 1930 will be avoided and that the speakers and discussion leaders will be selected with something approximating reasonable taste and care.

▶▶*Princeton Preferences*

WITH AMERICAN colleges and universities racing toward graduation day the vote of the Princeton seniors is of more than passing interest. Stop, then, look and listen to these men of Princeton, average age 21 years 10 months 21 days, and to some of the questions they ask themselves. Is your future occupation decided? No, 239; yes, 194. Are you in favor of prohibition? No, 323; yes, 40. Would you marry for money? No, 246; yes, 137; undecided, 16. Do you smoke? Yes, 305; no, 74. Do you drink? Yes, 356; no, 74.

And the class favorites? Novel, *Tom Jones.* Poem, *If.* Play, *Cyrano de Bergerac.* Movie, *Hell's Angels.* Fiction-writer, P. G. Wodehouse. Artist, Peter Arno. Poet, Robert Browning. Dramatist, Shakespeare. Amusement, Women. Newspaper, the New York *Times.* Magazine, *The New Yorker.* Stage actress, Jane Cowl. Movie actress, Greta Garbo. Stage actor, Walter Hampton. Movie actor, Ronald Colman. And what of the college courses? Hardest, Modern European History. Dullest, Elements of Economics. Easiest, Artillery. Most valuable, Modern European History. Most interesting, Modern European History. Most useless, Evolution.

The questions and answers are interesting for one reason—they constitute a cross section of what the American college senior is thinking about. If you can laugh that off, try this one. On May 18, the day the Princeton vote was made public, President Butler of Columbia University addressed the American Association for Adult Education. "There is," he said, "a very small minority of human beings who continue to grow intellectually after 23 or 24."

▶▶*The Defeat of Briand*

WHILE HIS HUMILIATING DEFEAT in his contest for the Presidency of France means much to Foreign Minister Briand personally, there has been a tendency to exaggerate its meaning for the world at large. The Presidency of France should not be compared with the Presidency of the United States. It is more like our Vice-Presidency, a post of dignity and honor rather than of power and authority.

The French President is not elected by the people but by the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, sitting together at Versailles. Nor are the members of these bodies obliged to run for office themselves prior to their selection of a President. Neither directly nor indirectly, therefore, does the presidential election indicate waves of public sentiment. A candidate is not the candidate of a party, but of a group of parties. The voting itself is probably as much personal as partisan, with various factors complicating the conflict between Left and Right. Once elected, the President has none of the influence of the Premier or Foreign Minister; except in rare cases, he is a man who has been put on the shelf.

These facts prevent an exact evaluation of Briand's defeat by Paul Doumer, president of the Senate and the oldest man—seventy-four—to become President of France. However, so far as the election has any international significance, it probably signifies that, while Parliament was moved in part by personal antagonism to Briand and traditional reluctance to elect a President big enough to overshadow it, there was also some thought of disavowing Briand's policy of international conciliation, which has been severely criticized since the announcement of the projected Austro-German customs union. This is not to say that in electing Doumer, who is something of a flag-waver, France has turned suddenly to belligerent nationalism from pacific internationalism. It is merely to say that French nationalism, already strong, has grown a bit stronger. The fact is that, while Briand himself may be a pacifist, his foreign policy had been pacifistic only by French standards, which have been highly nationalistic since the War. Moreover, should France during the next few years develop any great sentiment for peace and coöperation, Briand could further

Keystone

WASN'T
Aristide Briand, defeated candidate for French Presidency

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it more effectively in the Cabinet than he could in the Presidency.

▶▶*Briand the Frenchman*

IT IS A WELL-ESTABLISHED though often ignored fact that Foreign Minister Briand has consistently been a Frenchman first and an internationalist second. Notwithstanding attacks at home on his foreign policy and foreign tributes to him as the "Grand Old Man of the League," he has placed the interests of France far above the interests of pacifism. Because French interests have been linked with the preservation of the *status quo* in Europe, which in turn has depended upon conciliation, he has occasionally resorted to internationalistic ventures at the risk of his own political life. However far he might have gone in such ventures if support had been forthcoming at home, in none did he risk the interests of France.

Certainly he was a Frenchman first and last during the opening sessions at Geneva of the commission of European foreign ministers studying proposals for the economic union of Europe. It was Briand, to be sure, who sponsored the idea of a European federation, though he did so knowing that, if such a union helped Europe economically, it would help France economically, and that, if it secured the peace of Europe, it would likewise secure the *status quo* so devoutedly desired by France. So much for that. When the commission met on May 15 it was disconcerted by the projected Austro-German customs union, which has been opposed by the French as leading to the political union of Austria and Germany, an end proscribed in treaties signed by both. Vigorously denying any such intention, Foreign Minister Curtius of Germany accepted Briand's proposal that the legality of the union be considered in the League of Nations Council on May 18 before its economic aspects were considered by the commission. Yet on May 16 Briand attacked the customs union in a speech concluding with the blunt words, "My country cannot accept it."

There, briefly, is Briand, with the interests of France urging, the politics of France compelling, his concessions to nationalism. The question of what Briand would do if he had a free hand is academic. The fact is that he hasn't had a free hand and that Briand the Great Pacifist and Internationalist is to a large extent an imaginary figure.

▶▶*In Brief*

HERE'S A New York hearse driver who hears that he has won $30,000 in a Kentucky Derby sweepstakes, plans to invest it in "sound securities" and then hears that he hasn't won at all. And so now, as all blue-chip stock-owners will assure him, the fortunate fellow will save some money.

The Pope, Labor and Wages

"WORK is not any kind of salable commodity but one in which the human dignity of the workingman must always be respected." With this sentence Pope Pius XI struck the keynote of his latest encyclical, published in outline on May 15, the day of his world-wide radio address. If the recent encyclical letter on divorce and birth control was reactionary, this one is progressive and stirring. It is, moreover, persuasive, save for such sections as that declaring "It is not possible to be at once a good Catholic and a true Socialist," which in fairness to the Socialists compels the rejoinder that, if not, it is certainly possible to be a true Socialist and a good Christian.

Pope Pius maintains that there has been an excessive and unjust disproportion of the commodities of life between capital and labor, with immense riches accumulated by a few, while the proletariat, "who form a multitude beyond all counting, have nothing of their own save their hands and the sweat of their brow." He therefore demands "a more equitable distribution of the united proceeds of capital and labor" by means of a fair and just wage.

Thus he recognizes and approves the recent evolution of a new social attitude toward the working man. Those who hold this attitude think of the laborer primarily as a citizen and human being, or, putting it on a more material basis, they think of him not as a commodity but as a customer. They declare that it is a violation of the dignity of a human being, as well as retrogressive and doubtful economics, to treat the working man like a machine; that to treat him so is to encourage the spread of Communism and weaken the cause of capitalism; that the day when he was so treated is, and must be kept, a thing of the past. It will hearten them to see the enormous influence of the Vatican exerted on their side of the case.

In the United States the encyclical comes at an opportune time. It is here that the new attitude toward labor has attained its fullest development and is now being threatened in its stronghold. If this conception of labor is sound, now, if ever, is the time to apply it. Hence it follows that now is the time to oppose the proposal of some bankers and industrial leaders—the same ones in many cases who were recently shouting nonsensical "new era" doctrines from the housetops—that business be revived by a general and sweeping reduction in wages. Whether or not this method of quickening business is sound economically, it is unsound sociologically. It lightheartedly dismisses human nature, and the danger that, if labor is to be treated as a mere tool for price reduction, it will express its natural resentment in strikes.

That this danger is real the May 13 statement by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor clearly demonstrates. Says this statement: "Apparently, those employers who would attempt to enforce reduction in wages think only in terms of increased production. How they expect to market goods produced when they lessen or destroy the already limited purchasing power of millions of people has not yet been explained . . . . The executive council of the American Federation of Labor . . . . will urge working men and women, both organized and unorganized, to resist to the fullest extent any and all attempts to reduce wages and lower American living standards." In other words, "Reduce wages if you dare. Reduce wages and we'll cripple you with strikes."

It is the inevitable answer to a proposal which would put wage reductions first instead of last, which would resort to them as a means of resuscitating business, rather than as a measure of desperation to be employed in each particular industry only when labor can be shown that without wage reductions that industry will go to the wall.

The depression, with its accompaniment of falling retail prices, has not yet developed to a point where a general sweeping wage reduction is either fair or necessary, nor have adequate moves been made to find other solutions of the problem. Until such steps are taken, labor will justly feel that except in special instances the call for wage

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reductions is an attempt to make it share in the risks of industry when it does not share proportionately in the profits of industry, an attempt to make society forget that labor is no longer to be regarded as "any kind of salable commodity," in the words of Pope Pius, but as "one in which the human dignity of the workingman must always be respected." THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

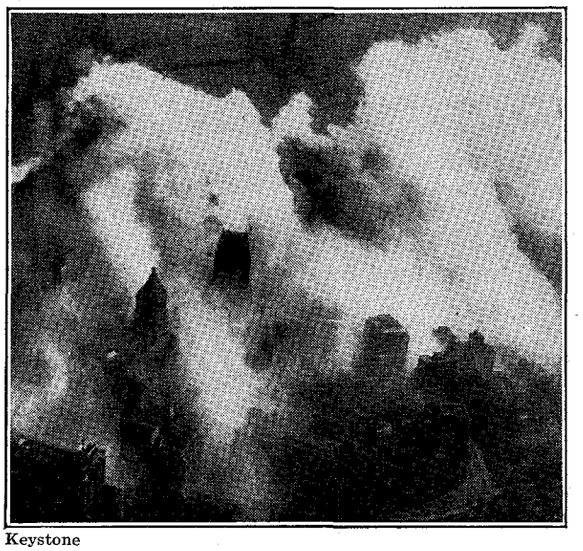
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE troubles which have beset young Trubee Davison and the Army Air Corps in connection with the current aviation maneuvers illustrate, to our mind, the danger of too much high-powered publicity. Mr. Davison is a personable and capable New York member of the sub-Cabinet, and, under the provisions of his father's will, his life is dedicated to public service. He has, moreover, a fortune of $15,000,000 with which to advance himself and the public welfare. If there is a young man more fortunately placed than Mr. Davison in this respect, we have not heard of him.

New York City and State, however, happen to be in control of the Democrats, and the rich young man's field of service is somewhat restricted thereby. He began his political career as a freshman Assemblyman at Albany from Long Island, but promotion through the regular channels, it was obvious, would be slow, if not impossible. There are two other ambitious young Republicans of wealth whose political homes are situated within a few miles of his, and he is the youngest and latest to appear on the scene. They are young Teddy Roosevelt, who, after a poor start, is doing an excellent job as Governor of Porto Rico, and Representative Robert Low Bacon, who is being pushed ahead by G. O. P. bosses as rapidly as his shyness will permit. Both Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Bacon have first call on a Republican nomination for Governor or the United States Senate should it ever appear expedient to select the candidate from this section of the State. Mr. Davison, therefore, can only stand and wait.

Meanwhile, he has been gaining experience as Assistant Secretary of War in charge of aviation, to which he was named by Mr. Coolidge. He has, too, been doing a fair job of developing the five-year aviation program devised by his father's former partner, Senator Dwight W. Morrow, when the latter was called in to pull Calvin out of the hole dug for him by Brigadier-General William Mitchell. The program is behind schedule, but this is due to skimpy appropriations doled out by Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover rather than to any shortcomings on Mr. Davison's part.

Nevertheless, Mr. Davison apparently feels that he must be kept in the public eye against the day when opportunity will knock, and he brought with him to the Capital a political reporter from Albany, Hans J. Adamson by name. Mr. Adamson's task, as I understand it, is to advise Mr. Davison on political matters, to keep him from saying indiscreet things and to aid him in preparation of speeches and statements which will dramatize himself and the Air Corps. Most of our Cabinet members rely upon such aides, but the practice has become more general with the Hoover Administration, which, if I have not mentioned it hitherto, dotes on publicity.



Keystone

The Navy laid a smoke screen over New York, and the Army thought it must have a bigger and better demonstration

It cannot be denied that Mr. Adamson has failed in his mission. It was he, I understand, who wrote the speeches and handouts in which the air armada's descent upon the Manhattan skyline and Times Square was pictured in such horrendous and melodramatic language. It was also Mr. Adamson who had Mr. Davison say in an address delivered in bucolic Boston that it would be hopeless for any one to seek sleep on the night the planes circled above the Hub. There were numerous other blurbs of this nature, with the result that the War Department and President Hoover received loud and immediate protests from the citizenry.

Both Mr. Davison and Mr. Adamson were absent from Washington when the theoretically doomed centers voiced their complaints. But their superiors held a council of war, if it may be called such, and it was determined to curtail some of the maneuvers so thrillingly described by Mr. Adamson. Pat Hurley, the handsome Secretary of War, also has a keen appreciation of publicity values, and he saw no reason for creating bad instead of good will for the Air Corps. In fact, Mr. Hurley, who is even more ambitious, politically, then his assistant for Air, has been casting around for a press agent for the last few months. He offered the place to several bright young men, but all seemed to prefer to dedicate their lives to journalism. There may not be so much profit in newspaper work as there is in publicity work, but it is vastly more entertaining and interesting to be on the outside looking in on the Hoover Administration. In fact, I understand that some of the correspondents who deserted the corps for press agent jobs when Mr. Hoover took office now regret it, and would be back at their old typewriters tomorrow if circumstances permitted.

To my mind, Mr. Anderson's feats may yet prove to be the best thing that has happened to the army in years. For some reason, the military forces have never been able to obtain any great amount of favorable publicity. Whereas it has always been comparatively easy to get the Navy on the front page, or the Marines, it always was and still is a difficult task to arouse public or editorial interest in the War Department. The press relations section of the army is a fairly elaborate office, but only the newspapers of record publish much stuff of the doings of the men in khaki. Fierce feuds rage over this point whenever the admirals and the generals talk shop, as they always do. In spite of everything the army cannot be popularized.

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Mr. Adamson may have shown the way to bigger and better things. There can be no doubt that he has attracted attention to the maneuvers, even though he gave some uneasiness to swivel-chair strategists. Publicity, the general staff should realize, has its casualties as well as war. What the army may need is more dangerous headlines.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▸▸*Spotty*

FOLLOWING the pattern of the crazy-quilt grandmother used to make, the business map of the week shows alternating patches of bright and dull colors. New England, thanks to the stabilizing influence of its Conference plan, held its own. Several cities in the southern states report general business improved because of new building construction, and Chicago's turnover jubilee appears to have given a vigorous spurt to wholesale and retail trade.

General indices, now restored to this page at the request of many OUTLOOK readers, clearly show that business has not yet found itself. Car loadings show a slight gain, but the increase is of less than seasonal proportions and the adjusted index reveals an actual decline. Steel appears to have found the bottom at 46% of theoretical capacity, and there is hope for the immediate future in an improved demand for steel on the part of the automobile industry and users of structural steel, reinforcing bars and line pipe.

In distribution, the chain stores and mail-order houses are doing fairly well. Sales of 48 leading chains and the three largest mail-order concerns registered totals for April nearly 9 per cent ahead of those for March. April sales were, however, below those of the same month last year by about 3 per cent. For the first four months of 1931 the 51 enterprises show total sales 4.35 per cent below those of the corresponding period of 1930.

▸▸*The First World Bank*

FINANCIAL history is being written this week in Basle, where the Bank for International Settlements is holding its first general meeting. While this is ostensibly a formal meeting of governors of the central banks, underground currents are already in motion which may make the gathering the most important international convocation since the first assembly of the League of Nations in 1920.

Although an American, Gates W. McGarrah, is president of the Bank for International Settlements, the exact relation of our government to the enterprise does not appear to be understood by our citizens generally. It should be recalled that our Department of State refused the Federal Reserve permission to participate, because of the way the Bank links together reparations and payment of the war debts, and the Federal Reserve's place in the organization was taken by a banking group including J. P. Morgan & Co., the First National Bank of New York and the First National Bank of Chicago.

The leadership of President McGarrah should be, however, a matter of pride for every American. He has been a tower of strength to the enterprise, not only in its organization and initial operations but also in his capacity as a spokesman for the Bank and an interpreter to the world of its purposes and possibilities. The eyes of all the nations are on Basle this week, and there is every reason to hope that what is done there will be well-considered, constructive and beneficial to international relations, both political and economic.

▸▸*Vagaries—Series 19*

OUR correspondents in the chief business centers, here and abroad, show no signs yet of taking a vacation. Among the oddities recently reported are the following:

1. That attempt of French engineers to increase the comforts of railway travel by using rubber-tired wheels on dining-cars.

2. The development in Germany of a new microscope, for use in metallography, which will double the range of the most powerful instruments now in use.

3. That talking beacon invented by Charles A. Stevenson (a cousin of Robert Louis) and installed at Little Cumbrae lighthouse on the Firth of Clyde. The method used is radio telephone transmission of a fog signal and speech from a gramophone record.

4. That General Electric marvel, the thyraton tube organ, controlled by a toy piano held in the organist's left hand and played with his right. This invention demonstrates the remarkable versatility of a new member of the vacuum tube family.

5. That new vending machine invented by Mrs. Alice Paran of Baltimore. Just stop your car by the roadside, insert the required coins and help yourself to a hot meal—chop, baked potato, green vegetable and tea or coffee. Also, for the fastidious, a knife and fork.

6. That Westinghouse invention, the transmeter, combining the functions of an electric finger and an electric eye. It can tell whether a doubtful check or stock certificate is printed on paper of the same thickness as the genuine. It can also be used for the protection of aviators by detecting thin spots in airplane wings.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) May 14—71.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) May 14—65.3.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 2—775,291 cars (increase of 16,019 over preceding week; reduction of 167,383 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 9—46% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 29% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 9—daily average gross 2,468,700 barrels (reduction of 6,400 under preceding week and of 126,450 under same week of 1930.

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended May 14—$8,383,578,000 (reduction of 15.8% under preceding week and of 19.1% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 14—516 (reduction of 116 under preceding week and of 1 under same week of 1930).

▸▸*The Advertising Dollar*

KENNETH M. GOODE and Carroll Rheinstrom (authors respectively of those cleverly titled books *How to Turn People into Gold* and *Psyching the Ads*) are out with a new collaboration, *More Profits from Advertising* (Harper, $3.50) which they call "the first post-depression study of the problems of sales and distribution as they exist today." We hope they are right about that *post*.

Advertising, say Messrs. Goode and Rheinstrom, builds up. Profitless prices tear down. Cutting prices is no more like advertising than administering dope to a dying man is like feeding soup to a convalescent.

Just now three enemies threaten the welfare of advertising:

1. *Cyclemania* prevents an advertiser establishing, man-fashion, a five-year program.

2. *Profitless prices* cut income so low no money is left for decent promotion.

3. *Surplus nursing*, the third, is more dangerous than the other two together.

In reply to the *Wall Street Journal's* question, "What good is idle cash with money lending at 1½ per cent?" the authors answer "It's good for advertising! Any corporation is badly advised indeed that can't get a permanent return of better than 1½ per cent from an advertising investment."

FRANK A. FALL.

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The Spotlight on Sports

The Long and Short of Rowing

"RICH" Glendon, whose Columbia crew has gone to the head of the river with victories over Navy and Yale, names only one physical prerequisite for an oarsman. "I can't use a boy who isn't at least 5 feet, 11 inches tall," says Glendon. "He can weigh as much as 195 pounds or as little as 160, but he must have the reach that goes with height."

Jim Ten Eyck, dean of crew coaches, dissents. "I've made varsity oarsmen out of chunky, stubby youngsters," declares the Syracuse octogenarian.

Ten Eyck's present Syracuse crew bears out this contention. It presents a mixed grill appearance, tall, gangling boys paired up with sawed-off, short-armed huskies in an oddly assorted boatload. This Mutt and Jeff combination violates the rowing theory based on balanced physiques, but it gave Navy's rangy crew a sound thrashing on the Severn a fortnight ago. What will Syracuse's "longs and shorts" do at Poughkeepsie?

Ed Leader, most successful of modern crew teachers, is strong for tall boys and insists on an evenly proportioned eight. His present Yale crew is the biggest, though far from the best, that has ever pulled the dark blue sweeps. Not a man in the shell stands less than 6 feet, 2 inches! Bob Goodale, spidery stroke, is 6 feet, 6 inches tall. Despite his 190 pounds he looks almost scrawny.

This Yale eight boasts an aggregate reach greater than anything ever seen on the river, yet the Elis shortened up their stroke when they tried to raise the beat in answering Columbia's challenge. Reach is unavailing unless it can be utilized under pressure.

The importance of coaching is sometimes exaggerated in football, but in the mechanics of rowing the coach plays a leading rôle. One college authority appraises the crew coach's value at seventy per cent as against thirty per cent for the material. Glendon's achievements with the meagre squads which turn out for rowing at Columbia seem to substantiate this estimate.

Those Playful Pachyderms

WRESTLERS don't waste much time monkeying around with Masonic grips these days. Such legalized atrocities as the flying mare, the cross-buttock hold, the head lock, the body scissors, and the half Nelson are passé.

Following the charge of wrist-biting lodged against Strangler Lewis, we had the engaging spectacle of George Hills yanking the beard of Sergei Kalmikoff, billed as "The Siberian Wolfhound." Those flowing whiskers admittedly constituted extreme provocation now that Hamilton Fish's Bolshevist-baiting crusade is in full cry, but what excuse can be offered for Vanka Zelesniak, who picked up a lighted cigarette tossed into the ring by an obliging spectator and held the burning stub against his adversary's naked hide? That's a novel way of breaking a hold. One wonders if Zelesniak muttered "It's toasted" as he applied the brand.

Big Bill, Inc.

DON'T sell Tilden Common short! You aren't likely to get the chance, even if so inclined, for stock in William Tatum Tilden II is closely held.

No joke about it, the former tennis champion has had himself incorporated under the state laws of New York. Tilden owns the majority of stock, having bought control from Frank Case, proprietor of the Hotel Algonquin, who helped finance the issue. You can't buy any shares of Tilden, Inc., on the big board or the curb market. Trading is "over the counter" at the present time, with no stock offered by the insiders who, as Bill McGeehan would say, "own a piece of Large William."

Having bought back an equity in himself, Tilden is disposed to hold for a rising market. His venture into professionalism has netted the lucky shareholders surprising dividends. Following a profitable tour with Kozeluh, Big Bill whipped Vinnie Richards before 14,000 cash customers in Madison Square Garden. The gate grossed $40,000, according to promoter Curley, who dislikes such publicity as much as Dexter Fellowes does. Imagine blasé New Yorkers paying $7.70 "tops" to see a tennis match. O tempora, O mores, O Tex Rickard, O Fudge! As Gil Dobie once said, the human race must be softening up.

At that, Tilden would probably have been willing to work gratis just for the pleasure of paddling Vinnie in public. That was one spanking which didn't hurt the donor more than the recipient. Tilden didn't spare the rod after he had "measured" Richards in the first set. The story about the bill for instruction, which Richards planned to mail Tilden, rankled in the Philadelphian's breast. There's a limit to joking even if it makes swell publicity.

Well, a great baseliner figures to beat a great volleyer, though the latter has a theoretical advantage on indoor courts. The fast bound off a hard surface is an asset to the net stormer. Spin—Tilden's chief stock in trade—cannot be effectively employed except on grass. Still, when pupil faced master after a lapse of years, Big Bill retained his mastery.

I hope Tilden, Incorporated, is listed on the Stock Exchange some day soon. It would be fun to see the short interest—represented by ex-U. S. L. T. A. officials—buck the pro-Tilden pool. Can you picture Julian Myrick being called upon for more margin as Tilden, Inc., skyrocketed on the ticker tape?

Facts About Horses

ANOTHER Kentucky Derby has been run and won, with all the panoply which invests this thoroughbred classic. Though it isn't a Derby at all, properly speaking, the distance being only a mile and a quarter, this race has acquired a glamour in the public mind that is denied New York's Belmont Stakes—the true counterpart of England's mile and a half Epsom Derby.

Perhaps the southern atmosphere, redolent of jasmine, magnolia, trellised verandas, and mellowed Bourbon, gives the Kentucky fixture its peculiar appeal. Churchill Downs may not be as beautiful as Belmont Park, but it lies in the middle of a region where men regard the thoroughbred as something more than a four-legged lottery ticket. Down where the blue grass grows they can tell a hock from a pastern.

Did you know that horses make faster time on a circular track than on a straightaway at distances above five-eighths of a mile? The thoroughbred, according to Professor Chubb of the Natural History Museum, has all four legs off the ground simultaneously one quarter of the time when moving at full speed. The horse is a "diagonal runner"—the order of its footfalls being as follows: 1, left hind foot; 2, right hind foot; 3, left fore foot; 4, right fore foot. A dog, on the contrary, is a "rotary runner." Its feet make contact in this sequence: 1, left rear; 2, right rear; 3, right fore; 4, left fore.

The thoroughbred racehorse breathes through widely distended nostrils, its mouth closed. The greyhound runs with its mouth open, gulping air. All four-footed animals obey a common law of locomotion. Their hind legs, reaching out for the spring, pass outside their

(Please Turn to Page 117)

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▶▶ "Wake Up and Dream!" ◀◀

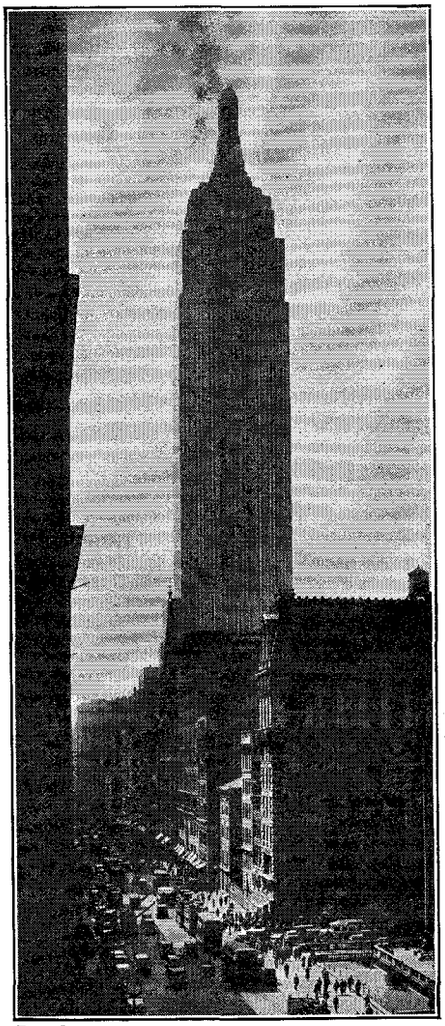
By CLAUDE BRAGDON

WHAT is the status of American architecture today? The question is prompted by the vivid—not to say violent—discussion which followed publication of the designs for New York's Radio City, a discussion that gave to architecture, the most elephantine yet most inarticulate of the fine arts, a place on newspaper front pages with boy murderers, Reno divorce mills, presidential utterances, earthquakes and other more or less compelling news.

Perhaps a brief review and survey of our architecture may cast a little light on this discussion beginning with the period following the Civil War, when the beginnings of the present "industrial expansion" were accurately reflected in an architecture even more meaningless and debased than its European prototype. As we view it now it seems the worst architecture in the world, and that world the worst possible. The situation was improved hardly at all by the advent of Henry Hobson Richardson, a genius in designing stage scenery which was accepted as good architecture. Richardson was only a flaming comet which swept across our architectural sky, tracing a hyperbolic orbit and exerting no gravitational pull after it had passed.

In the post-Richardsonian period occurred a revolutionary event of the highest evolutionary importance: the development of the all-steel frame, supplanting masonry construction and making the skyscraper possible. Almost unnoted, secretly and silently as it were, a method of building dating to the pyramids was supplanted by something different in kind. Walls, instead of supporting, were themselves supported; brick, stone and concrete became mere fillers and veneers, but architects, trained in the masonry tradition, continued to think and build according to an order which had passed. They made screen walls look like supporting walls, steel struts and beams they covered with classic orders, and they even used concealed steel trusses to hold up heavily beamed ceilings and masonry vaulting. In brief, architecture more than ever ceased to be a dramatization of structure, and more than ever devoluted into mere scene designing.

Almost alone among them all, Louis Sullivan, a Beaux Arts-educated architect, New England-born, but practicing in Chicago, grasped the full import of the new order and foresaw the far-reaching effects on architectural design, although this perception was not achieved completely or at once. Sullivan himself went through what he called his "masonry period," but in a series of experiments culminating in the Prudential (Guaranty) building in Buffalo, he effected the transition, in terms of design, from solid masonry to fire-clay-encased steel. Although he produced no outstanding masterpiece, he became the spiritual father of the skyscraper, and wrote himself into architectural history as no other American has.



Douglas

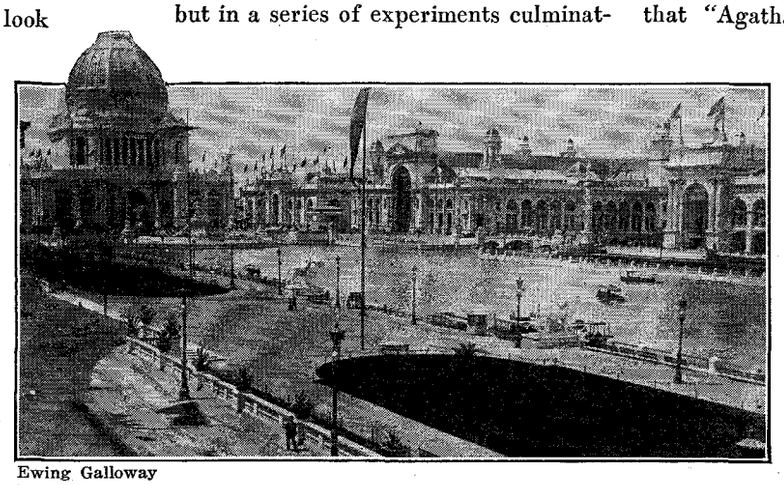
The Empire State Building in New York, which the author refrains from criticising

Meantime, at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, the leading eclectic architects of the country, men of ability and taste, but with predilection for the old rather than for the new, had everything their own way. Sullivan, to be sure, was given one building, the Transportation, but it was situated outside the sacred precincts of the Court of Honor, so that nothing untoward should disturb the white perfection of that latter-day *Forum Romanum* behind the classic colonnades of which were assembled every ingenious gadget and contraption which the genius of the Machine Age had developed up to that time —Corinthian column cheek by jowl with locomotive.

This resuscitation of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome was so decked with banners and splashed by fountains that instead of being accepted for what it was—an architectural *tour de force,* a stage-setting pure and simple, an archaeological holiday—was taken seriously as a foreshadowing of the City of the Future, and was made the mould into which all "official" architecture was thereafter cast. The Chicago World's Fair signalized the triumph of eclectic over functional architecture.

Let me here explain that an eclectic architect is one who considers that he is free to tell his story in any architectural language he likes; who makes a modern building Greek, Roman, Renaissance or Gothic for no better reason than that "Agatha loves sunsets;" who is solely governed by what he conceives to be good taste. The functional architect, on the other hand, believing that architecture is of all arts the most necessitous, that the function must determine and create the form, is self-committed to a kind of construction in which *fashions,* ancient or modern, play no part.

Eclecticism, with its facile and specious substitutions of moribund beauty for the effort to-



Ewing Galloway

The Court of Honor at the Columbian Exposition in 1893, which was taken too seriously as a foreshadowing of the City of the Future

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ward the expression of the thing which *is*, thus blighted in its bud the only vital and original architectural movement which ever pierced through the American mould—that of Sullivan and his followers. Moreover, it put its dead hand on nearly every school and college where architecture was taught. Sullivan, the defeated and discredited Great Emancipator, reduced and impoverished, still carried on after his own fashion, and shortly before his melancholy death in 1924 wrote "The Autobiography of an Idea," in which he told the story of his unsuccessful conflict with the organized forces of conservatism and reaction—a human document of the highest interest and importance.

Frank Lloyd Wright, a pupil, but not an imitator of Sullivan, and like him *persona non grata* to the powers-that-be and members of his own profession, found a measure of release to his highly original talent in the Middle West and on the Pacific coast. His showing won him the commission to build the Imperial Hotel at Tokyo—official recognition from the Japanese government. Though Sullivan and Wright had little influence on American architecture, then completely given over to eclecticism, "never star set here but it rose afar"—that is to say, they had an influence elsewhere. This came about in the following way:

Certain of the foreign commissioners to the Chicago Exposition, together with visiting European architects, sated with that variety of classicism of which the White City was so luxurious a growth, centered their admiration upon Sullivan's Transportation Building, with its golden portal, the like of which they had never seen before. They found the same note of originality in the Auditorium Building and the Schiller Theatre, also by Sullivan, and they returned to their own countries with photographs of his buildings and plaster casts of his ornament for use in museums and schools. Following this, drawings and photographs of Wright's designs were published in Germany in typographically sumptuous and admirable editions which attracted wide and favorable attention among architects. As a result of this *fertilization*—for such it might be called—the modernistic architecture of middle-Europe in its earlier manifestations clearly bears the stamp of Sullivan and Wright—so clearly, in fact, that it is often referred to as the "American" style.

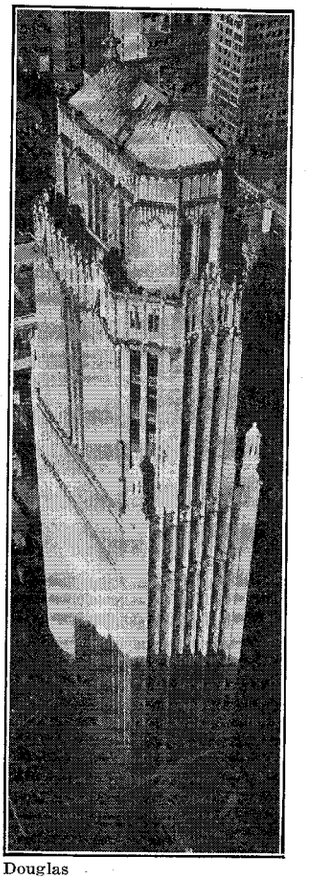
This European movement toward organic or functional architecture (in contradistinction to traditional or eclectic) grew to such proportions and has so much vitality that it has at last produced important repercussions in America, the land of its birth—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the same forces which produced the one produced the other, but with a certain "difference in time." Be that as it may, the modernistic movement in America, full of promise as it undoubtedly is, appears not to be based upon such well-thought-out ideas and firmly held convictions as have gone to the shaping of its European correlative. It is, therefore, under suspicion of being just another twist which eclecticism has taken, the newest architectural *fashion* rather than a searching for a new architectural *style* which shall express the modern attitude toward life.

One knows what privation and suffering Sullivan went through for the sake of his Idea; and one feels that Wright and Le Corbusier (I mention him out of a number) would make any renunciation rather than to build counter to the principles which they advocate and which they try to make their buildings represent. But among some of the most successful and prominent practitioners of latter-day American modernism such is clearly not the case: they are eclectics according to the terms of the definition, because they choose to build in this style or in that.

When they found which way the wind was blowing, Howells and Hood swung with ease from the brilliantly picturesque "Girder Gothic" of the Chicago *Tribune* Building to the oppositely inspired New York *Daily News* Building, extreme in its stark simplicity. With equal ease Harvey Wiley Corbett could forsake the Gothicism of his Bush Building, or the classicism of his Masonic Temple at Alexandria for the modernism of the Roerich Museum. Whitney Warren could change overnight from the French cartoucheries of the New York Central Building with its bracketed-out columns and top like a wedding cake to

Calhoun

Whitney Warren's New York Central Building in New York City



Douglas

Bush Building, New York, in Gothic style

Ewing Galloway

The Daily News Building in New York—"full of promise of better things to come"

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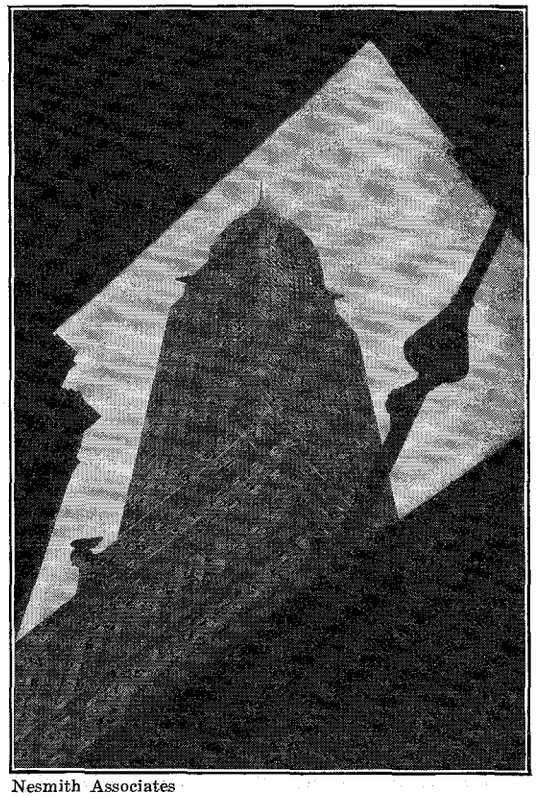
the chaste simplicity of the Stewart (now Bonwit Teller) Store.

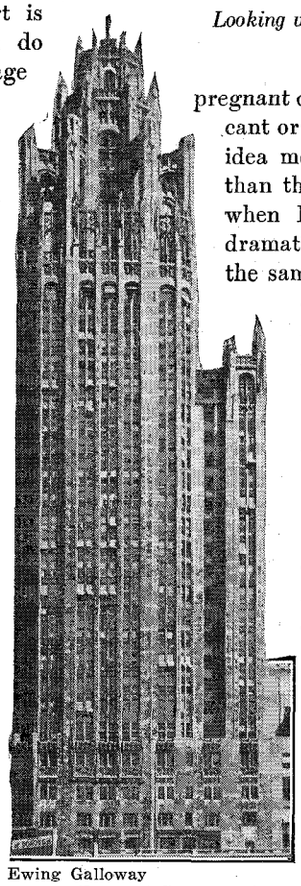
Now the *Daily News* Building, the Roerich Museum (Master Building) and the Bonwit Teller Building are all admirable in their several ways, and full of promise of better things to come, but the suspicion intrudes that here is the following of a fashion rather than the laying of a foundation by reason of a fundamental *difference in consciousness* between their authors and simon-pure functionalists like Sullivan, Wright and Le Corbusier and other European modernists. What marks the difference between these two groups of men is that the works of the latter, though they differ greatly from each other, though frequently unsuccessful and often the reverse of beautiful, are rooted in an idea to which it is impossible for them ever to be false. In their several ways and to the best of their abilities they have tried to honor with use those first principles upon which the architectural art is founded—principles which do not change from age to age however various their application. The men representative of the other group, on the other hand, though they may seem to be doing the same sort of thing, and even doing it with greater expertness, are clearly not motivated by the same compulsion. They turn aside, they wink the other eye on occasion, their noses naturally avoid the grindstone. They are like augurs ministering to a religion in which they believe because it is profitable.



Nesmith Associates

Looking up at the Chrysler Building in New York

What are those "first principles"? I shall state them briefly as I have come to understand them, not as they are taught in schools, or printed in books, for they are not taught in schools nor printed in books: in schools architecture is taught from books, and the literature of architecture deals almost exclusively with the development and history of styles and periods and with the appraisement and description of famous buildings.



Ewing Galloway

The Tribune Building in Chicago, "Girder Gothic"

Architecture is the art of *significant building*. The dictionary definition of the word "significant" is, "having a meaning, expressive, suggestive, with pregnant or secret sense, not insignificant or negligible." Here is a seed-idea more useful to the architect than the most cultured taste; and when I add that architecture is dramatization I am only repeating the same thing in a different form of words, for the art of the drama is to make significant, to render pregnant, to organize what is essential and to eliminate the unessential—to express eloquently.

But to express what, exactly? First of all, that idea which is the *raison d'etre* of any work of art: that without which it could no more exist than a sentence can exist without a thought. So far as is possible a building should publish to the passerby the purpose which it subserves—what it is for, what it is about, why it is the way it is and could not be other than it is. The human virtues of truthfulness and sincerity are architectural virtues, too: a prison ought to look like a prison and a church ought to look like a church. A steel-framed building should not be made to appear as of solid masonry; terra cotta and cement should not masquerade as stone, asbestos sheets as wooden shingles, nor curved tin plates as Spanish tile.

By the terms of our definition these and similar practices—and they are so common as to be almost universal—stand condemned. Expressed in a phrase long ago formulated by Louis Sullivan, the form should follow and express the function and the function should determine and create the form, as is the case with natural organisms. This amounts to saying that architecture should be organic, functional. Eclecticism is based upon a fundamental misconception of the very nature of architecture, which is of all arts the most necessitous and self-determining, and not at all "a matter of taste."

To sum up, architecture is preeminently the art of significant forms in space—that is, forms significant of their functions; dramatic, by reason of their eloquence and expressiveness; organic, by reason of their suitability, their adaptation of means to ends. If every architect would write the words, significant, dramatic, organic, on the mirror at which he shaves every morning there might be less insignificant, undramatic, inorganic architecture produced; if taken completely to heart by everyone, we might enter upon the only path of architectural evolution possible to us.

But this is not all. I have reserved until the last the thing which is the

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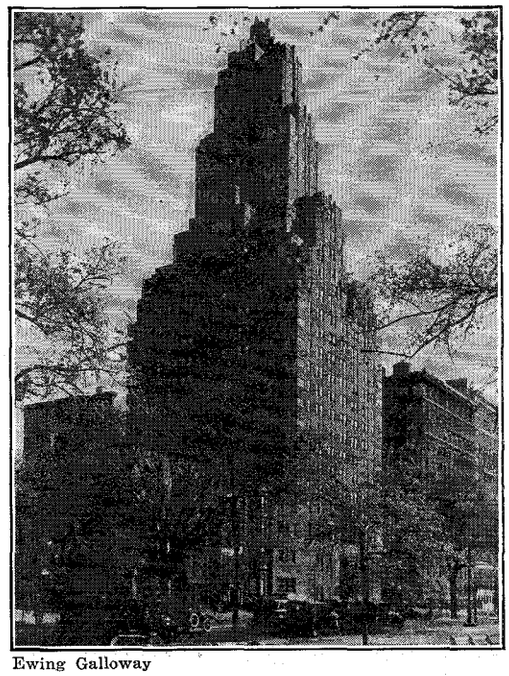

Ewing Galloway

The Roerich Museum Building in New York, designed by Harvey Wiley Corbett

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▶▶ Propaganda Stealing the Movies ◀◀

By DARWIN TEILHET

IF YOU go to the movies regularly you will undoubtedly have the pleasure of paying to see a feature which I saw last week. I was in a small suburban theatre almost filled by a counted audience of 458 men, women and children. They had paid 50 cents each to see two hours and a half of entertainment. This entertainment, according to the highly lurid posters in the lobby, consisted of seven reels of Will Hays-sterilized sex adventures of an easy-hipped former stenographer, now become a highly publicized, emotional actress; the latest (two months old) sound news; and a two-reel comedy featuring a second-rate burlesque and vaudeville Hebrew dialect comedian, a troupe of routine dancing girls and an orchestra which had made records at one time for a now bankrupt phonograph company.

The nine o'clock audience saw all of this plus another fifteen-minute screen-playlet which they had paid for but did not expect. They paid for seeing this added feature because the manager of the house could not extend the regular two and a half hour show an extra fifteen minutes without paying time and a half to his four union employees. Therefore, he cut ten minutes from the seven-reel drama, two and one half minutes from the sound news, and the same amount of time from the comedy. The audience had been carefully counted by two employees from the advertising department of the motion picture company which made the fifteen-minute feature. The audience was counted because this was a test pre-view of a "sponsored" or advertising film. I had learned of the pre-view and obtained permission to watch its showing.

The news reel was run off first. Then the caption, which will be called, for the purpose of this article, "Seduction—featuring Blanche la Belle," was flashed upon the screen. The scene opened in the boudoir of la Belle, and the brassy voice of the dialogue blared forth. The plot was of little importance. I was interested in counting the length in seconds that a bottle of "Seduction Fleur Parfum" was displayed before the audience. The story with unobtrusive cunning brought out the irresistible attracting powers of a seductive perfume. It showed how a comparatively plain woman, deserted by her fiancé, suddenly developed an almost overwhelming charm by the lure of this perfume. Ten times was the square bottle of "Seduction Fleur" displayed before us, for a total of seventy-eight seconds. The film ended with a close-up of the two pairs of magnified, pulsating, reconciled lips of the lovers pushing one into the other. Down in the right corner of this heart-stirring ending la Belle's hand knowingly, thankfully, caressed her half empty bottle of "Seduction Fleurs." Then a seven-second title was flashed, "This film is sponsored for your entertainment by the Parfum des Fleurs Company, Paris and London; Levy and Grosstein, New York, sole importers for United States and Canada."

In the lobby the two advertising men from the production company were busy interviewing as many of the audience as possible in order to determine whether the sponsored film had been successful. Next day one of the interviewers gave me his figures. He had talked with 191 men and women. So cunning was the advertising that 54 out of the 191 did not even realize that they had witnessed a sponsored film! Of the 54 individuals, however, 38 readily recalled the name of the perfume; seven said they had noticed a perfume but could not remember the name; and only five of the 54 who were unaware that they had seen advertising on the screen, completely missed the shots of the perfume bottle.

Of the rest of 191 adults, 48 thought that there was some kind of advertising in the film but offered no objection because they said the film was so entertaining; 29 were completely indifferent; 42, however, were unusually pleased with the "addition" to the program, thinking that they had received more entertainment than usual for their money. Of the entire group of 191 interviewed, only 18 hard-shelled conservatives had negative or unfavorable reactions against seeing an advertising movie sandwiched between their regular fare of entertainment. Within three days after the single appearance of this sponsored film, the two drug stores in the neighborhood had completely sold out their stock of "Seduction Fleur Parfum."

For some moons the flicker industry has been in a more or less difficult financial position despite periodic manifestations of prosperity from the movie moguls. One of the largest producing organizations so over-expanded during the halcyon period of 1929 when the talkies first became the public's new joy that only a drastic reorganization and pruning prevented the company from bursting with an unpleasant plop. According to Pare Lorentz, the film industry dropped something like half a billion dollars during the past year. The larger part of this loss cannot readily be explained away by facile protests blaming the current depression and miniature golf. It is a depressing and difficult fact for Hollywood that much of the loss is caused by audience discontent.

The frantic attempts to liquidate the colossal expenses of installing sound apparatus; new cameras, screens, films and developing equipment for the wide screen and for color pictures; paying salaries, office rental and transcontinental telephone bills of the very efficient Hays propaganda organization;

Must it come to this to advertise a perfume?

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"Now, old fellow, you know you're going to like this"

and finally the staggering charges incurred in preparing foreign versions of the talkies for releases abroad has helped to push the high profits of other and happier days from black to red. Facing these losses, according to Edward Ford Stevenson, President of the Visugraphic Company, it is no wonder that the movies have seized upon the advertising film as a handy means of filling their depleted purses.

The cinema industry has always toyed with the idea of running advertisements in their theatres. During the old pre-sound era, advertising slides were run for a while only to have the better class theatres reluctantly give up the idea because of heated audience protest. A few primitive advertising films were even shown over the middle western chains. The famous Ponzi, the grandiose Red Cloud motor promoter, was successful in having a three-reel film shown in a number of cinema theatres from Chicago to St. Louis, with a consequent increase in sales of his stock. Unfortunately, his pioneering efforts were ended by a stern judge who limited his endeavors to the three dimensions of a square cell.

It remained for the Fox corporation to rediscover the advertising value of the screen in 1929 when a personal plea was made for the audiences to invest their savings in Fox stock, and this time the miracle happened! Because of the novelty of the talking pictures or because of the opportunity for subtlety of advertising in the sound film, there was no audience objection. The success of this initial talking advertising effort cheered the other producers immensely. Last fall they tried inserting propaganda between their films once again, on a somewhat wider scale. In August, 1930, a great attempt was made by the urban and municipal groups, salaried office workers, the two major auto associations, the gasoline companies, banks and brokers of California to have daylight saving made a state law. Unfortunately, an extra hour of daylight would ruin the attendance of the first show in the cinemas. Remembering the success of Fox's advertising, the producers as one group decided to fight daylight saving by using the combative means most natural to them—their own films and chain theatres.

Night after night for weeks, cinema audiences throughout California sat passively watching propaganda films depicting the terrors of daylight saving. Even a theme song was written, "You Can Have It—I don't Want It—Daylight Saving Time!" which was sung in animated cartoon strips and Swedish dialect comedies. Despite the fact that experienced political observers had risked their hats predicting that daylight saving would be made a state law, when the votes were counted it was found that the state had been made safe for the early evening cinema audience.

The Anti-Saloon League was interested in the success of this second attempt at propaganda or advertising through the sound films. The Anti-Saloon League also followed the endeavors of the Fox Film Corporation which immediately after the California achievement started doing its duty toward the depression by running a series of film features, "Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear," in Fox chain theatres. The novel moral of Fox's "Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear" films was that the present country-wide financial collapse was not due to overproduction, the tariff, or European conditions. No, the collapse was merely a matter of mind! With a little courage, according to Fox's "Mr. Courage," we all could start inflating the prosperity gas bag once again by simply buying more goods. It is too early to determine the effect of this interesting series, but they do show that the audience has evidently lost its old objection against the advertising film. When I was last in Hollywood I heard quite authentic reports, backed up by the usually reliable "Variety," that the Anti-Saloon League was planning to spend a portion of its $10,000,000 appropriation for anti-liquor propaganda in making a series of both short and full-length propaganda films. The first will be titled, "Do You Want It Back?" (The line of answerers to this question will form on the left.)

Having proved that their audiences would not object to advertising films and having determined to replenish their purses by selling time to advertisers—time which has already been sold to their public—the producers are now in a position to prove to prospective advertisers, by the success of their own propaganda films, that the cinema affords an uncommonly good advertising medium. That is, they have proved that they have a profitable advertising medium for the present. Whether or not that medium will last is an interesting question.

(Please Turn to Page 126)

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▶▶ Royal Intrigue in Roumania ◀◀

Part VII—How and Why Carol Returned

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

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Carol was a little doubtful of the probable success of his efforts to become King, and perhaps a "double" preceded him to Bucharest to plumb the sentiment of the populace, as Mr. Bercovici tells in this installment. The next installment will tell how Carol shook up Roumania in his first days as King. It will also have some pointed observations about Kings, Queens and Knaves in Roumanian intrigue.

•

BEFORE Prince Carol's flight to Bucharest, the Maniu government felt that something had to be done; that some radical move had to be made to wrench the country out of the threatening anarchy. The small foreign loans had only enabled them to stave off the ultimate end from day to day without fundamentally ameliorating the economic situation. They were less than palliatives. The Maniu government was chiefly concerned with saving itself by quieting the people, by hushing the voice of revolt that was becoming louder and louder. They had done the "all-the-people-all-the-time" stuff too vigorously. The Prince had many friends in the Maniu government who argued that if he returned to the country everything would immediately change for the better.

Maniu is an old man, encumbered with a legal mind that works slowly and in well-grooved paths. He did not readily acquiesce to the demands of his friends; first, because Carol's return would be illegal (King Michael was legally the king of Roumania) and he had sworn allegiance to Michael; second, because of the condition of affairs between Carol and his wife, Helen. Helen had a legal divorce, but Mr. Maniu is a Catholic and does not believe in divorce. (There are people who say that he does not even believe in marriage. He has never been married.)

"Carol," he argued, "should be brought back only as a last resort when the ruin of the country might hang in the balance."

There was still Titulescu, the statesman, left. Emissaries were sent to him. While these emissaries were on their way, the country was agog. There were daily bulletins about Mr. Titulescu's expected arrival in Roumania to take the premiership. The emissaries had long conferences with him. Mr. Titulescu would not let himself be persuaded. They pointed out to him that he was the last hope. The more they urged him to accept the less he was inclined to listen to them. His enemies in Bucharest were singing his praises even louder than his friends were. God himself could not have accomplished what they said Titulescu could if he so desired.

"Mr. Titulescu will be able to do anything he pleases. He could be the premier, the dictator, the president of the republic—there is nothing Mr. Titulescu will not be able to do. We rely implicitly on his sagacity, on his devotion, on his ability."

Had Napoleon risen from the dead he would not have dared to accept so much

Wide World

Carol and Michael—the son was King before the father

responsibility. Titulescu was not asked to try to remedy conditions. He was told that he alone could save the country. Titulescu's refusal was not immediately imparted to the public. The emissaries were kept out of the country to lull the people a little longer. But when his refusal could no longer be hidden, the Liberals, who had not relied too much on Maniu's Catholicism to keep Carol out of the country, saw that they were faced with the inevitable. They hid their heads in the sand and refused to see what was before them. They knew what the inevitable was.

Queen Marie made one more attempt to wedge herself into the government of the country. She made one more attempt to bring Prince Nicholas under her heel. That young son of hers was defying her openly now. He had joined the Carolists, and he was probably one of the few who prayed that Titulescu would refuse. The feverish secret activities of the Carolists had become so feverish that they were remarked upon by every one. At that time no government would have dared to submit the army to a test and demand that it reaffirm its allegiance to King Michael.

Queen Helen was one of the most feverish persons. She was the center of attention. What would Carol do if he returned? The Carolists still said that he would merely enter the Regency to replace his brother and to supervise the interests of his son, the King of Roumania. But very few people were fooled by these assertions. One more attempt was made to convince Titulescu that his place was in Bucharest. This time the Queen herself appealed to him, though she did not have any particular love for the man whose popularity threatened the Hohenzollern house with extinction. Titulescu refused. He could not accept. He was too ill.

Helen turned to her political friends, to the clique that had formed about her, and demanded counsel. She was panicky. She was afraid for the life of her son even more than for his future. She was afraid for her own life. While pretending to quiet her, her friends and her clique ran to cover. They were unwilling to compromise themselves more than they were already compromised. They saw clearly the writing on the wall. Helen had not been any too friendly to Carol and what she had said about him had been repeated to him. Her petition for a divorce was a diatribe against her husband in which she recited her griefs, her disappointments and the humiliation he had submitted her to by his faithlessness to her. She did not say in her petition for divorce that Carol had asked her to join him in exile in Paris—had asked her to come with the child—and that she had refused and preferred to stay at the palace instead of being with her repentant husband.

She had put herself entirely under the tutelage of Queen Marie, who had directed her activities and spoken for her. Reports of her despair and sadness were continually fed to newspapers and

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magazines. She had willingly, or unwillingly, done quite as much as Marie had to make of Carol a ridiculous gay Lothario in the eyes of the world. She had won the kingship for her son, at the price of a husband, and now that husband was rising from the dead. I must recall here that her recriminations about his unfaithfulness were rather idle. She and Carol had had a pre-nuptial agreement. Though she knew of Carol's marriage to Zizi Lambrino, she permitted that young woman to frequent the palace after she herself was married to the Prince. There had never been any secrecy about Carol's relations with Zizi after his marriage to Helen. I must recall here again the letter Carol wrote to Mme. Lambrino, when he told her of his engagement to the Princess:

"She has the same view of life as I have. Our marriage is but a formal affair."

It is quite possible that Helen changed her opinions on marital relations after Carol left. Carol apparently had not changed his. That agreement could only be nullified if both agreed to change their opinions on that subject. Carol still believes that Helen was a party to the plot of his mother when he had been exiled with Magda Lupescu. He would have preferred, then, to go into exile with his wife. No one could have prevented Helen from joining him when he asked her to. These things were clear enough in the minds of Helen's friends. They accused her, now, of having been Marie's dupe and of having allowed them to dupe her. Sagacity and shrewdness were higher qualities than faithfulness.

Meanwhile, things were coming to a head. The ambassadors to foreign countries were sounded out as to their attitude towards Carol's eventual return to the throne. Many of the diplomats stationed in foreign countries had always been in favor of Carol, and those who had not been in favor came to the conclusion that since Titulescu had refused there was nothing else the Maniu government could do. They bowed to the inevitable. Diplomats have words to explain everything. When it is not "de jure" it is "de facto."

The army was sounded out. Armies always favor dictators. Carol was supposed to be a Fascist. The Fascist movement in Roumania has many adherents. The officers of the army had felt rather ridiculous to serve under a nine-year-old boy, flanked by two tottering old men and a young man in whom they never had much confidence. The army was afraid of Titulescu. Who knows but that Titulescu's refusal was based on his lack of confidence in the army? Titulescu was supposed to be somewhat of a republican. It was whispered about that if Titulescu became the Premier the army would be disbanded. The Carolist party insinuated:

"He has been away from our country too long to know its sentiments; its royalist sentiments."

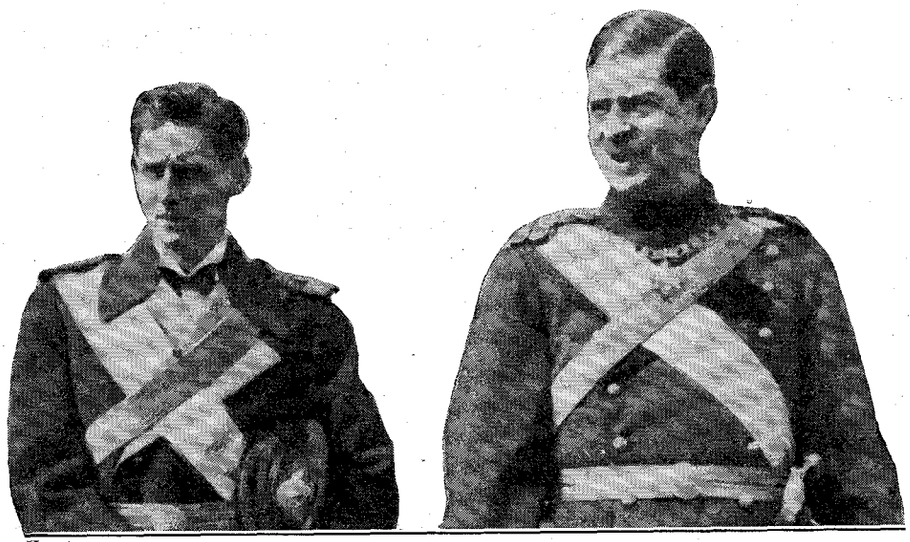
Marie was rapidly putting her house and her affairs in order. She tried one more diversion. Did I say one more? She tried twenty at the same time. She left nothing untried in her bag of tricks. She even revived the scandal between her daughter and the German prince.

Prince Shtirbey was not idling. He screwed down the financial vise. They tried to frighten Carol as they had frightened Titulescu. They tried to convey to him the impression that conditions in Roumania were such that it was humanly impossible for any man to remedy them as quickly as the people expected them to be remedied. They even told him his life was in danger if he stepped on the soil of his country.

Only one who has lived in a country while it is going through such crises and has breathed the foul air of intrigue and machination can have a faint idea of what went on then. The panic of land people on a ship during a storm at sea is only a mild disturbance compared to the panic of the Roumanians during those days, those weeks and months of doubt, when they did not know whether they were doomed to ruin, bankruptcy, revolution or annihilation. One never can quite fathom the secret actions and reactions of groups of men who, though acting in the name of a people they claim to govern, act only in their own interests without much regard for their neighbors or consequences.

The story of Carol's spectacular return to Roumania is generally known. The coup d'état alone was of considerable importance, but not half so important as the opportunity it afforded for speculation as to how Carol would rearrange the ragged affairs of the royal household. Warned in advance as to what was going to happen, dowager Queen Marie was not in Roumania when her oldest son returned to take his place on the throne he had renounced. But Queen Helen was still there. The new situation created by her husband's sudden return held many dangerous possibilities. While Carol had been in exile she had denounced him as a faithless husband and divorced him. No one knew whether Carol would accept the divorce, granted by Parliament in his absence, or would use his supreme powers to declare it null and void and allow the matter to rest where it was. Was Queen Helen still his wife or not?

Day after day the American newspapers carried cables from Bucharest contradicting one another. One day it was



Keystone

When Carol returned to become King — preceded by a "double" who received the acclamations of the people — he was heartily welcomed by his brother, Prince Nicholas

Underwood

She refused to be Queen — Princess Helen, divorced wife of Carol

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reported that Carol and Helen had made up; the next day it was said that they were not on speaking terms. In the morning the cables said that Queen Helen refused to live with Carol under one roof. In the afternoon it was reported that she had decided to forgive and forget, and take up life with him anew for the sake of their child. The royal publicity blew hot and cold. All this was done to find out how the wind was blowing; it was essentially aimed at American sails.

Hardly had that subject been exhausted when the plans of the grand coronation to take place at Alba Julia were divulged to an expectant world. The date was shifted back and forth throughout the whole summer, until finally settled for the beginning of October. The mere announcement of the date of the coronation seemed to dismiss summarily the decree of divorce which Helen had obtained. It was taken for granted that the Queen and the King would be crowned together. All talk of disagreement between the royal pair was shunted to a side track. And then some fly-by-night promoters approached the Roumanian government to obtain the world moving picture rights of the coronation ceremonies. The Roumanian government refused to grant such exclusive rights to one company.

"We cannot antagonize the moving picture companies of the world waiting to film the coronation."

But during these conversations the promoters gave birth to the new idea of making a talking picture of Roumania in which the King himself should appear, even if it were only for a few brief moments. The coronation was to be the last act in that picture. Carol's entourage was enthusiastic about this proposed picturization of the country and the coronation. It could not help but make Roumania popular and known the world over. Carol was the man of the hour; people would flock by the thousands to the theatres to have a glimpse of him and to hear his voice. The King's friends were certain that his appearance would immediately dispel all the preconceived notions the world had of him. Everybody loves a lover; and especially a lover who, after many sentimental wanderings, returns home and takes the management back in his firm hands. Such a picture, incidentally, showing the potential wealth of the country, would facilitate a great loan in America. Roumania needed a loan, has always needed loans; the whole country is mortgaged to the limits.

After the conversation between Carol's entourage and the motion picture promoters had continued for a little while, the American firm concluded that they needed one strong dramatic point to make the proposed picture a success. A coup d'état whereby an exiled prince regains his throne of a country of eighteen million inhabitants did not seem dramatic enough to the moving picture gentry. It seemed that these promoters had talked to moving picture distributors and had been told that they needed something more than what they had in order to produce a successful picture.

"Quoi faire? We've got to think up something!"

And then one of the wise men of Roumania cried out: "A dramatic point! A dramatic point you want! Why, we have something that would be more dramatic than anything that has ever been shown on the screen. I have not told it to you yet. I was going to. I will tell it to you now. Listen carefully."

Wide World

Ileana and her new fiance', Archduke Anton von Hapsburg

The promoters sharpened their ears.

"You remember the first armistice of the war? How the people of the whole world went crazy when it was announced. I was in Paris at the time. In the afternoon there were rumblings here and there that the announcement of the armistice had been false; that no armistice had yet been concluded. But the people refused to believe it. They shut their ears, and went on merry-making, shouting, screaming, dancing and singing in the streets. The second armistice —the real one—which was announced a few days after the first, had the character of an anti-climax. You remember how it was. Cut and dried. The people had spent themselves completely in the first and premature outburst of joy.

"Nobody will ever know whether that first announcement of the armistice had broken through the walls and doors of the secret chamber in which the statesmen were discussing the affair, or whether it had been allowed to escape as a trial balloon.

"The world had been thrilled by the announcement of Carol's sudden return to Bucharest. The suddenness of the affair had a paralyzing effect upon Carol's enemies. They were taken by surprise. Of course, they had expected that something like that was going to happen sooner or later. But they were not prepared just then, or they would have taken their measures; and blood would have flown in the streets. It was a surprise. I should say it was a surprise! The day before that it was a crime to pronounce his name and the day after he was the King: His Majesty!

"The audacity and the manner of Carol's return won to his side the lukewarm friends and those who in every country are afraid of any kind of a change. Carol's entry was triumphal from the moment he landed on Roumanian soil. Civil servants, the people and the army joined together, for the first time in many years, in the spontaneous welcome celebration which they offered to their returning king. It was really like to the reception given to the liberator of a besieged country.

"After the plane in which Carol had arrived had landed in a strange field, the King entered a waiting automobile. The roads were crowded with people. Peasants left their work in the fields. Women left their stoves and cradles. Men left their work. Children left the school benches. The whole country lined up on the road to acclaim their King. Carol stood up and bowed right and left and waved his hat. The people were happy. Their King had returned. The affairs of the country would be settled soon. A country like theirs could not be ruled by a few old men representing a little boy in whose name they took decisions. People cared little for what was told about their King; that he was a profligate, that he was unstable in his amours. What cared they for that? The Roumanian craves a strong master and bothers little about his morality.

"By the time the automobile carrying Carol reached Bucharest, the enthusiasm of the populace had been whipped to a frenzy. The car could proceed only by inches. It had to crawl

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along and wedge its way in a sea of clamoring people. When the automobile stopped in front of the palace, Prince Nicholas came out to greet his brother, and the two of them embraced and then disappeared behind the door.

"I have never seen such enthusiasm in our people. They clamored and screamed that they wanted to see their King again. Their eyes ached for the sight of him. 'The King! The King!' they cried. No power could have held them back. They filled the courtyard of the palace, sang and threw their hats in the air, and called upon Carol to appear before them. They wanted to see him, they wanted to convince themselves that he was really there. They had suffered so much in his absence. Had the populace been let loose then, Carol's enemies would have been torn to pieces. The King and his brother appeared on the balcony and embraced each other. While all this was happening, Queen Marie was in Oberammergau watching the Passion Play. As soon as she was informed as to what was going on behind her back she hastily left the country, for she did not want to be in Roumania when Carol returned.

"Meanwhile Carol's enemies packed hurriedly, hysterically anxious to put some distance between the King and themselves; to cross the border. The populace in front of the palace stood there for hours and hours, and Carol and his brother had to appear again and again. Ah, but where is the trick? you will ask me. All that is fine, but there isn't anything extraordinary about it. The extraordinary part comes now!

"The man who had engineered Carol's return did not want to take the risk of endangering the King's life. No one can take it upon himself to gauge the mood of a mob. And so that man hired an actor in Paris who made up to look exactly like Carol. The man who arrived in that first plane and whom the populace applauded and greeted and got wild about, and who appeared on the balcony with Prince Nicholas and kissed him, was not Carol at all! It was that French actor! Carol, the real King Carol himself, returned late at night after most of the people had dispersed from in front of the palace. King Carol entered the palace by a back door and went to his brother's room where he found the actor sitting at a table and having a light midnight meal.

"When the real Carol appeared at the back door of the palace, which was guarded by an old watchman, he was not allowed to pass until he had lowered his coat collar that had half hidden his face. Then only was he allowed to pass. The first order the King gave, after his return, was to tell his brother, Prince Nicholas, while pointing to the actor, 'Tell that man to take off his moustache.' The actor gone, the real Carol worked with his friends and advisers until the early hours of the morning.

"Isn't that a wonderful story? Wouldn't that make a fine episode in the film? It could be dramatized and arranged."

The promoters agreed it was a grand story and told it to the distributors. It went the rounds of Hollywood. One of the distributors, a former actor, a little more humane than the others, remarked:

"What a story! But suppose the people had not been minded to give the returning King such a grand reception. What would have happened? Suppose some fanatic would have sent a bullet through the heart of that poor actor in the belief that it was the King. Wouldn't it have been nice! Why didn't Carol risk his own life for his own throne?"

"Roumania has been governed by two alternating sets of thieves," says Mr. Bercovici in his next installment. And he tells about them.

"Wake Up and Dream!"

(Continued from Page 111)

most important. It is the most elusive, the most difficult to describe, belonging as it does to the higher dimensions of human consciousness. Forced to name it in a single word, for the benefit of the purely rational-minded, I might characterize it as the aesthetic quality, which is more than a blend of the other three—aesthetic, not in the narrow meaning of "in accordance with good taste," but in the broader, deeper meaning of beautifulness. To the cognoscenti I can speak its true name, which is love, ecstacy, without the operation of which the highest beauty is impossible.

This is a spiritual value, and, as such, like the digits placed before three ciphers, it gives to the three essentials their value, for without it they are nothing: it is by reason of this alone that a work of engineering becomes a work of architectural art. This quality of love, or beautifulness, is one which our architecture most conspicuously lacks. The sunlight, the mist, the rain, caress our skyscrapers and make them beautiful in spite of themselves, for love can perform that miracle, but not enough human love has gone into their making, not enough prayer, not enough sacrifice, which is only another way of saying that in them the idea of profit has triumphed over the idea of perfection.

There is plenty of incipient architectural ability in this land of great projects and great opportunities, but it is enslaved, either undirected or misdirected. On the one hand the eclectics endeavor to stamp upon the virgin gold of youthful minds the signs and symbols of an ancient or a debased coinage; on the other hand the pseudo-modernists try to persuade them that economy and efficiency are everything. To the attention of all such I commend the foregoing, with only this for an overword: *"Wake up and dream!"*

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of May 23, 1951

Edward Albert Windsor, for the past six years Minister of Commerce, was elected at the general elections last week to the presidency of the United States of Britannia.

Lancelot B. Radix, editor of the Iconoclast Magazine, published by the extreme left group of undergraduates at Quadrangle University, accepted last Thursday membership in the Medes and Persians, the oldest and most conservative senior society at the University. He will offer, as candidate for a master's degree, a work on "How Peerages Were Obtained under Victoria, Edward and George."

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 108)

fore legs. This is true even of the grotesque looking English bulldog, which is much broader in the shoulders than in the flanks. Its bandy forelegs, widely spraddled, make this method of locomotion a physical paradox.

News Item

Those teeth-grinding grimaces to which wrestlers are addicted may not be employed merely to amuse the spectators after all. "Strangler" Lewis, famed for his punishing headlock, was disqualified the other night in Montreal for biting his opponent—on the wrist.

This toothsome episode recalls Tiny Maxwell's retort to the West Point football captain who complained that his Holy Cross opponent was biting him. "What can I do about it?" demanded the irritated Army leader.

"I dunno," answered Tiny, who stuttered badly, "unless you p-p-play 'em on F-F-Friday!"

George Trevor.

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The New Books

Storm Warning

"THUNDER Over Europe." By E. Alexander Powell (Ives Washburn, $3.00.)

"I'm willing to hazard the guess that it will not come before 1940," observes Colonel Powell of the next war, but when one has read his indictment of the existing political humidity in Europe, one wonders whether the precipitation will not be upon us before the end of summer. The author takes a look at the situation in Central and Eastern Europe and concludes that there are four major danger spots: the Polish-German frontier, the Danube basin, the Eastern Adriatic and Soviet Russia; and that peace depends upon six men, none of whom has hitherto been regarded as primarily conciliatory: Mussolini, Poincaré, Pilsudski, Benes, Hitler and Stalin.

The Continent, as the author sees it, is being ranged into two hostile camps: one composed of France, Poland and the Little Entente, the beneficiaries of the Peace Treaties; and one composed of Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria, the nations which are discontented with the post-war settlement. With the exception of Russia, the author's sympathies are with the victims of the treaties. Towards Russia Colonel Powell puts his blind eye to the telescope and has nothing to say of the spoliation of Russia's national territories by her erstwhile allies and associates, a spoliation which constantly reinforces the Communist arguments of capitalistic encirclement, chicanery and hostility, and accounts in part for their grip upon the Russian people.

It is France and Poland that are the villains of his piece. France is pursuing "a policy characterized by secret treaties, military alliances, and enormous loans for military purposes to chauvinistic states that are already over-militarized," which leads straight to war. Poland is pictured as rapacious and imperialistic —"They [the Poles] have no respect for their solemn pledges. To them a treaty is but a scrap of paper." On the whole there is a complete breakdown of European statesmanship due to the "moral cowardice and lack of vision of the European statesmen, who, with a few notable exceptions, are only politicians, and of mediocre intellectual caliber at that." Moderates, such as Tardieu, Hindenburg, MacDonald and Bethlen, are in the minority and are unable to control events. And the pious American dream that all can be saved by reducing armaments is regarded as fallacious by the Colonel: "Armaments are not the cause of the prevailing resentment and fear, but the effect."

It is easy to dismiss this book as the work of a former War Correspondent who is subconsciously hoping that "there's always trouble in the Balkans" and who notes that the Balkans now cover most of Europe in the political sense. It is easy, but it is not altogether fair. Colonel Powell sets down his views without fear or favor, and he cites such specific cases of outrage and injustice as make one wonder how long flesh and blood can stand the strain. War and conflict is in the blood as well as in the air, not only of Europe but of the entire world. The task of statesmanship is not to blink that fact but to circumvent it by insisting that injustice shall be righted and that pledges be kept. While this demands a wider strain of political charity than the world has yet shown, faced with a crisis in economic as well as political affairs, it is conceivable that the thunder over Europe may pass off in diplomatic grumblings and empty clouds. Otherwise, the world would be well advised to apply the principle of *experto crede* to this spirited work by a trained observer and diagnostician of international conflict.

JOHN CARTER.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 13.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. Pulitzer prize novel, a detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Flamenco, by Lady Eleanor Smith: Doubleday, Doran. A stormy and bloodcurdling tale of a gipsy child brought up in an English household. Reviewed April 8.

Captain Blood Returns, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton Mifflin. Further adventures of Sabatini's handsome and high-minded pirate captain. Reviewed April 29.

Non-Fiction

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

More Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A weaker sequel to **Boners,** with more of the same.

Green Hell, by Julian Duguid: Century. A story of adventure in the Bolivian jungles more absorbing than most fiction. Reviewed April 22.

New Russia's Primer, by M. Ilin, translated by Professor Counts and Nucia Lodge: Houghton Mifflin, $1.75. Written in clear prose for Russian by an engineer with poetic vision, this inspiring book about the five-year plan should be of great interest to Americans, young and old.

Jungle Ways, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt Brace. A highly entertaining and vivid account of native life on Africa's Ivory Coast. Reviewed April 8.

The Week's Reading

"WORLD CHAMPIONS," by Paul Morand, translated by Hamish Miles (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Insufficiently appeased in his lust to express himself about America by the book on New York, M. Morand now tells a tale, part truth, you suspect, and largely fancy, of the four men he knew best, when, in 1909, he came over to teach French at Columbia. Webb, a tight-lipped student of the law; Brodsky, a restless, brilliant neurotic; Van Norden, a pampered Apollo; and Ram, a muscular prodigy—these four, upon graduating,

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resolved to be world champions, each in his field, and to meet, with Morand as tutelary divinity, every decade, for the rendering of their lives' account. They achieve tall destinies, the four of them, although Brodsky's last gesture, before disappearing from their ken, marks him a failure in all but spiritual gallantry. Through the dramatic outlets chosen by these men for their energy and through the women who, save one, loom up to block their hopes, M. Morand maintains his story at a pitch of tensity. Through their characters, boxed and labeled to fit a type, he snares his opportunity to generalize *ad libidum* about Americana, from sexual habits to the uses and abuses of justice. He has a flair for acerbity, for bursting the bubbles of bombast, for trenchant ridicule. He is not afraid to bite. But he has, perhaps, in his self-confidence, bitten off more than he can chew.

V. P. R.

"TWO SYMPHONIES" by André Gide: translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy (Knopf, $2.50). Under this title, two of Gide's most perfect narratives, *Isabelle* and *La Symphonie Pastorale,* are offered to American readers. These are, with *La Porte Etroite,* among Gide's early works, and, in this reviewer's opinion, they have not been surpassed as examples of the *récit,* that form of first-person narrative at which the French excel. They disclose Gide's style in its purity and clarity, and, as stories, they are so direct and vivid that he is a dullard indeed who, having begun to read one, can lay it aside unfinished. The stories balance each other nicely. *Isabelle,* a tale of illusion and disillusion, opens with one of the most ominous scenes in contemporary fiction and moves with measured emphasis to an abrupt, bitter end. *La Symphonie Pastorale* mounts by perfectly graded steps from pathos to tragedy. All readers of Gide are familiar with these two short masterpieces. They are great talking points for those who are more interested in the man than in his work and who persist in denouncing him as a dangerous misogynist. But this reviewer, who isn't worried about that, always recommends them and *La Porte Etroite* as the things to begin Gide with, and is delighted that they are now available in Dorothy Bussy's admirable translations.

F. L. R.

"CONFLICT: Angora to Afghanistan," by Rosita Forbes (Stokes, $3.50). The author, an Englishwoman, has written romances and books of adventure about the Near East and Northern Africa. Probably no woman writer living is so well acquainted with conditions in those countries. Her knowledge of the Arabs is particularly extensive. In this volume she takes us to Turkey, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Persia and Afghanistan. She did not get into Russia; the Soviet government refused to give her a visa. Yet the three chapters entitled "Russian Tales" are the most stirring in the book; from the Russian refugees she picked types—the priest, the kulak (farmer), the mechanic, the lawyer, the secret agent; the stories they told her are not only an example of dramatic reporting but they throw searching lights on the Russia of today. Equally to the point is her presentation of the Palestine question; she says of the stream of immigration fostered by the Commissions that it should be possible to direct it for the benefit of Arabs as well as Jews—"and with very few exceptions, this is not the case at present." Of the New Turkey and Mustapha's reforms she speaks less glowingly than many writers. Almost everywhere and in every country she was impressed with the need now and for some time to come of supervision and development from outside. The conflict she describes is not only racial, religious and political but "between the educated and the ignorant; between sexes, classes, and generations." A sound, intelligent and informative book this, well balanced between the picturesque and entertaining on the one side and up-to-date study of basic conditions on the other.

"JAMES FENIMORE COOPER," by Henry W. Boynton (Century, $5). Mr. Boynton is a pleasant writer, with a good sense of humor and an excellent flow of narrative. Up to this time the only good life of "Cooper of the wind and wave" has been Professor Lounsbury's. That will continue to be the best from the literary and critical sides. The present work, however, has the advantage of availing itself of a large number of letters now released by the family. These certainly do throw a new light on Cooper's personality. He may have been quarrelsome and surely he was litigious, but in his family and among his friends he was cheerful and even gay. When he was attacked by critics or by opponent newspapers, he had absolutely no sense of humor. He wrote nearly forty books; he must have brought the same number of libel suits. Almost always he won a verdict—but his enemies had the most fun. Notably was this so in his suit against Horace Greeley (not mentioned by Mr. Boynton). Horace reported the trial in his *Tribune* and his humorous editorial after it was all over started "Mr. Effingham,"

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JOHN EUGENE HARLEY
The impressive story of the world's preparation for mutual helpfulness and understanding, told in terms of the agencies engaged in fostering international accord. *Postpaid, $7.50*

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The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 118 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

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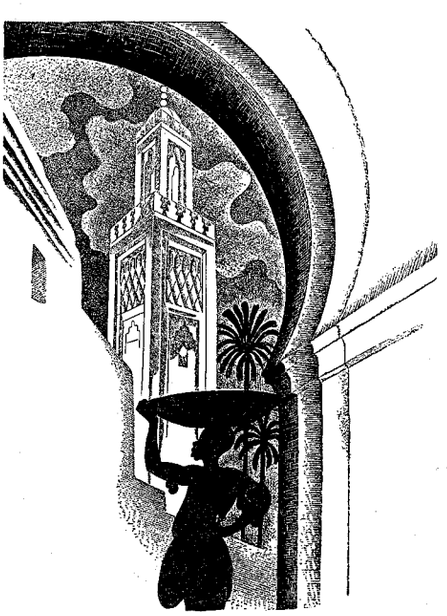
as his detractors loved to call Cooper, in a new libel suit. James Parton's *Life of Greeley* has a gorgeously funny account of the trial. There was a lot of politics in Cooper's lawsuits; for instance, in his *History of the American Navy,* Cooper in a footnote intimated that for the Battle of Lake Erie Perry got too much glory and Captain Elliott not enough. Thereupon almost every Whig paper in the country called Cooper liar, traitor, slanderer, and pretty much everything else. So Cooper sued them one and all, patiently, persistently, until he got his verdicts. He wasn't after money; his law costs exceeded money-damages received, but he would be vindicated or die!

Cooper as an author is not obsolete; ask librarians how many boys read *The Last of the Mohicans, Deerslayer, The Spy, The Red Rover.* In France he has always been considered to outrank Hawthorne; it has even been said that his books read better in the crisp French than in his own often heavy, superserious English. But if, say, eight of his books are really part of English literature, alas, many of the other thirty are not merely bad but terrible! Incidentally the book gives some new and interesting glimpses of literary circles in New York and London—Bryant, Halleck, Irving, R. H. Dana and the "Bread and Cheese Club." R. D. T.

IN *Freud and His Time* (Liveright), Fritz Wittels has persuasively told the story of psychoanalysis from the dawn of Goethe's influence on Freud, the kinship with ideas due to Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Fechner, to the affiliations with art and science, the contributions to knowledge of crime, personal disorders and religion. One must have been successfully analyzed to know what the technique is, must have verified it by adequate professional practice; finally, the author has lived through the period of adverse criticism of Freud's doctrine and witnessed its complete failure. Secure in his triumphant conviction, Wittels scarcely refers to dissenters save to mention Adler's "monotonous theory" and Jung's classification of types, said to "fall short" of the more penetrating analysis of the Freudians. The reader will find this unqualified allegiance a distinct advantage; for Freud's conception of the unconscious, as the "primary function" of the mind in terms of which all phases of the ego are to be understood, is the more sharply differentiated from all conscious thinking and feeling as "secondary." Granted Wittel's thesis, Freud is vindicated beyond expectation on such points as infantile eroticism, the Oedipus complex, the analysis of dreams in terms of symbolized sexuality. If doubts persist, it will be because a Freudian possessing every possible advantage seems unable to objectify analytical data by appeal to social contrasts and rationalistic insight, not to mention objections raised in behalf of general and abnormal psychology by critics who find Freud's technique over-simplified, his conclusions over-specialized. H. W. D.

"DAWN" by Theodore Dreiser (Liveright, $5). This is not an autobiography for those who recoil at honesty nor for those who want the facts of life crammed into a nutshell. Employing 300,000 words to bring himself through the miserable valleys of childhood, adolescence and later teens, Mr. Dreiser has neither pussyfooted nor sidestepped. This portion of his projected "History of Myself" might be called a confession of youth; if so it is a confession without apologies or ridicule. Writing with probing power which enhances his remarkable tenderness, Mr. Dreiser not only reveals his own yearning struggle toward daybreak but all that touched it in the haphazard progress through that tatterdemalion realm which was his and his family's in Chicago and other mid-western towns. If this book has it right—and if not, no book ever did—the Theodore of the eighties and nineties was dominated by three forces. There was the oppressiveness of Catholicism, almost the sole heritage from his father ("a narrow, hidebound religionist" who stands in the background, a novel himself); there was the absorbing, terrifying pull of sex, at work on an underprivileged, timid, frightened youth, and there was, first, last and always, his mother, Dreiser's idol now as yesterday, and well deservedly so. These, as the youth himself, may be drawn together loosely but it is questionable that the book loses much thereby. It does lose, however, by awkwardness running into barbarisms, by too much corner-store philosophy, by too frequent raising of obvious questions. In these respects—probably minor when the book is taken as a whole—*Dawn* cries for scissors and blue-pencils. Yet it is doubtful that any one could use them to advantage.

D. W.



From "Behind Moroccan Walls" (Macmillan) Frontispiece by Boris Artzbasheff

In the Field of Religion

IN THE very first chapter of one of the earliest Christians records, the gospel according to Mark, we read that Jesus came "preaching the good news of the Kingdom of God." If we could know for sure just what Jesus meant by this expression there would not be that confusion as to the content of his message which is so widespread today. The Kingdom of God assuredly was his message but what did he mean by it? It is this question which is such a vital one for the whole Christian church. Professor Ernest F. Scott of Union Theological Seminary sets himself to answer it in a clear but scholarly volume called *The Kingdom of God* (Macmillan). Professor Scott traces this conception throughout Hebrew history and then points out the modification of it in the thought of Jesus. He is quite aware of the seeming contradictions in different parts of the New Testament and he does not minimize them but he is convinced that they are all expressive of some phase of the truth. As he puts it, "Nothing has so obscured Jesus' conception as the attempt to sum it up in a single formula." It isn't merely in the present; it isn't merely in the future; it will come suddenly; it will be a slow growth; it is to be realized on the earth; it is to be fulfilled in heaven. There is room in this conception for all the meanings men have found in it or will find. In the words of the author "All fulfillments of the divine purpose were foreshadowed by Jesus when he spoke of the Kingdom of God." This book is simply written and puts in a concise and readable manner the fruits of ripe scholarship concerning this much-discussed expression. It will be especially valuable as a corrective to all of us who are tempted to maintain that Jesus had our particular social philosophy in mind when he spoke of the "Kingdom of God." Professor Scott's book is a valuable contribution to the extensive literature dealing with this subject.

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However one may look at Jesus' conception of the Kingdom it is certain that the Christian church has always felt it must strive unceasingly to realize it. But today the prospects of such realization are dark indeed. How black is that darkness Paul Hutchinson, editor of the *Christian Century,* has pointed out in a highly significant and timely book called *World Revolution and Religion* (Abingdon Press). Today religion, not merely the Christian religion but all religion, is assailed as it has never been before. The waves of revolution, political, social, racial, philosophical beat upon it. Organized religion has been so tied up with the *status quo* that it is liable to go as it has gone in Russia. It seems to be losing in all lands. Pessimism for a long time ahead is fully justified. But Mr. Hutchinson believes in the power of real religion to survive the shocks that are due it. For, as he puts it, "The religious impulse is too deeply embedded in human nature to be destroyed by any generation of ineptness or weakness or stupidity on the part of the church—yes, or by a succession of such generations." This is a book for our day by a man who knows our day as few leaders know it. In it a prophet speaks.

Another book which is addressed to the same theme of the challenge presented by this age to the forces of religion is by Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, and is entitled *Religion in a Changing World* (Richard R. Smith). In it Dr. Silver shows clearly that the real foe of religion is "The Apollyon of materialism, agnosticism and atheism." With tremendous power he calls religion back to its old task of proclaiming that "the universe is the manifestation of divine thought and purpose and man's at-homeness in it." Completely convinced that religion has a rôle which science can never play, Dr. Silver drives home some lessons that this ancient wisdom of mankind we call religion has for us in this modern day. Dr. Silver writes with rare beauty and a depth of insight which places him easily in the front rank of our religious leaders. As a Jew he shows the unity which underlies the differences between Christianity and Judaism but he is alive to the fact implied by Prof. Scott and so vigorously set forth by Mr. Hutchinson that all religious forces must unite if they are to stem the mighty onrush of the mounting wave of secularism.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Dr. Chaffee Recommends

National Defense, by Kirby Page (Farrar and Rinehart). A smashing attack on the war system and an invaluable source book for peace workers.

The Clash of World Forces, by Basil Mathews (Abingdon Press). One statement of the battle between Christianity and Bolshevism.

Humanist Religion, by Curtis W. Reese (Macmillan). A constructive statement of religious humanism by one of its best-known exponents.

Paul, the Christian, by the author of **By an Unknown Disciple, Paul: the Jew** (Cape and Smith). Another volume from this author which has much of the same charm as the one so justly famed.

The Education of the Whole Man, by L. P. Jacks (Harper's). A penetrating examination of current ideas and ideals by one of the ablest thinkers of our day.

Behind the Blurbs

UNDER the auspices of the American Historical Association some 300 authorities have combined to produce *A Guide to Historical Literature*[1]; purpose: "to furnish a carefully chosen list of available books in each of the several fields to the English reading audience." This book is invaluable to the general reader with a historical bent, as well as to students. Whatever period or phase of history interests you, here is a short description of a number of the best and most authoritative books covering it. It would be a great help to readers if other general fields of literature were covered in the same way. ♣ ♣ ♣ Emil Ludwig's *Schliemann*[2], the biography of the half mad excavator of Troy and Mycenae, is to us more interesting than this author's other works—perhaps because its scope is narrower, probably because the romance of Schliemann's discoveries thrilled our early teens. Business man, traveler, linguist and lover of Homer, Schliemann's interpretations of his finds were often wide of the mark, but at least he made the finds. His energy and persistence were amazing, and it is to him that we owe a great deal of the present-day interest in archaeology. Characteristic was his choice of a second wife. She must be a Greek girl, familiar with Homer. "If you marry me," he wrote, when a suitable mate had been found, "it must be so that we can excavate together and enjoy a common enthusiasm for Homer." It was an extremely happy marriage. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Documents in the Case*[3] include letters from Mr. Harrison to his son, Mrs. Harrison to her lover, and from various other characters to their relatives, most of them dealing with the situation in the Harrison menage, into which two young men have recently been introduced, to the delight of the young and flirtatious Mrs. H. These letters are very entertaining, and you will therefore not mind that Mr. H. doesn't die a horrid death from eating toadstools until the book is half over. Then the excitement begins, and although you're pretty sure who the murderer is, you don't quite see how anything can be proved. Until the last chapter, which will add to your scientific knowledge. We like Miss Sayers best when Lord Peter Wimsey is working for her, nevertheless this gets an A. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Lonely House*[4] is an Australian thriller, and a good one. It concerns Detective Larose's efforts to find the murderer, Miles Fallon, and his long and exciting duel with Dr. Van Steyne, whom he suspects of hiding the criminal. There's nothing particularly Australian about the story, which, with the names of the places changed, might have taken place in New York, Boston, Chicago, or any other local crime center.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Macmillan, $10.50.
2. Little Brown, $3.50.
3. By Dorothy L. Sayers and Robert Eustace: Brewer & Warren, $2.00.
4. By Arthur Gask: Macaulay, $2.00.

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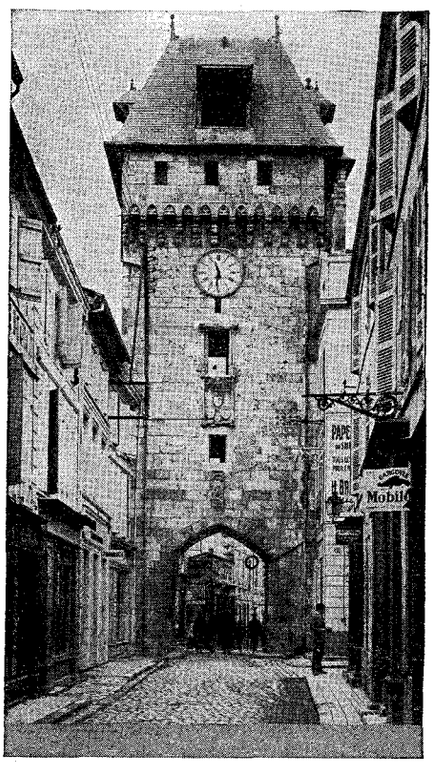

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

BETWEEN the Bible, Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw it sometimes seems to us miserable scribblers that everything has been said. Here I find myself in Paris and I am greeted by headlines in the press to the effect that Mr. Shaw has flatly stated that French art in all lines, but especially in the theatre, is dead. To make matters worse, this very morning the eminent Mr. Jed Harris has added his voice to the others and remarked that nothing in the Parisian theatre interested him, although he hadn't seen any plays here. After four days in the city of light I was inclined to agree with the above authorities until last night when I saw *Cette Vielle Canaille. Les Aventures du Roi Pausole* is an operetta based on the novel of Pierre Louys, interesting only on account of Arthur Honneger's music which is unexpectedly simple but ingenious in its harmonization particularly. The libretto, however, is disappointing and the comedy unduly heavy-handed.

Pierre ou Jacques?, by Francis de Croisset, might seem mildly amusing to those who have not seen *Once in a Lifetime* and *Remote Control,* for the movies and the radio come in for some fairly effective kidding. However, M. de Croisset is no George Kaufman although I unkindly suspect him of being in his debt for the theme of the piece, the effect on shallow people of sudden success in the movies. The title derives from the fact that two ladies are involved in various complications anent choosing between the successful movie actor and the humble failure with a heart of gold. As the inspired author of the English(?) explanation of the plot in the program put it, "One must know to choose in life .... Peter of Jack?" (sic).

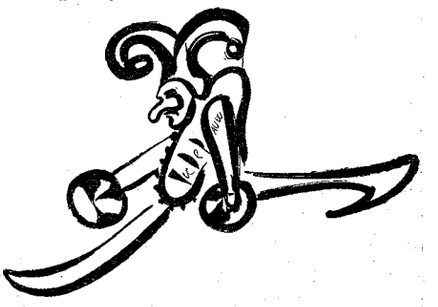
My greatest disappointment, however, was in the new Théatre Pigalle, the Baron Henri de Rothschild's toy. Supposedly the most modern and best equipped theatre in the world, with facilities for every kind of lighting and the most rapid scene shifting, the house is at present occupied by an extremely long-winded and tiresome drama called *Les Plus Beaux Yeux du Monde,* by and with one Jean Sarment whose clumsiness as a writer is only exceeded by his ineptitude as an actor. As there is only one change of scene, M. de Rothschild does not have a chance to exhibit the backstage mechanics of his theatre, but from the front there were two obvious flaws—there are boxes from which the stage is invisible and the seats snap up with a loud bang when one tries to make a quiet exit during the interminable performance.

Cette Vielle Canaille, to revert to the one bright spot, is the work of M. Fernand Nozière and seemed to me practically flawless for a play of its kind. It deals with a wise old man of sixty-odd who has an intriguing (in both senses of the word) mistress. When she is taken with a far younger man the elder gentleman's only concern is that she will cheapen herself into mediocrity. Instead, however, of becoming violent about it, as many a stupider oldster might, he most blandly and subtly fills them both with misgivings about each other and remains completely master of the situation. A Maurice de Féraudy has the title rôle and I advise no visitor to Paris to miss his performance.

It is only fair to remark in justice to the recent progress of the French stage that in none of the above offerings did the word *cocu* occur. Time was when it was used with as nauseating frequency for an easy laugh as "fairy" and "pansy" are in our own shows.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Pleasant little comedy of life in Paris and Dubuque.
Five Star Final: The season's most intense and exciting American play.
Girl Crazy: Gershwin score with Willie Howard and Ethel Merman.
Grand Hotel: Effective continental melodrama on a revolving stage.
Melo: American production of Henry Bernstein's problem play with Edna Best, Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore as three sides of the eternal triangle.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental English comedy well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Practically everything that should be said at the expense of Hollywood.
Precedent: Dramatic presentation of the record of the Mooney-Billings case.
Private Lives: The season's most amusing comedy—with Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Absorbing, if unpleasant, play with Katharine Cornell brilliant.
The Green Pastures: Now well into its second year and deservedly so.
The Silent Witness: A well-acted crime play that does not insult the intelligence.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson practically the whole of a novel piece.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious work.
Vinegar Tree: Gay farce about Long Island. Worth seeing.



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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Beggar's Opera"

ONLY remotely resembling John Gay's famous ballad-play of 1728, this modern and modernized German film opera is nevertheless an extraordinary and fascinating piece of work. Director G. W. Pabst has closely followed the recent German stage production with text by Bert Brecht and music by Kurt Weill, with the result that Gay's eighteenth century thieves and harlots have turned into portentous and highly stylized figures moving through a shadowy and fantastic London which never existed anywhere but in a Germanic imagination. Occasionally they are accompanied by a Stravinsky-like musical score, and from time to time some of the characters sing—the beggar's song has a haunting melody that will follow you for days. *The Beggar's Opera (Die Drei-Groschen-Oper,* or *The Three-Penny-Opera)* was, and still is, concerned with Mickie, a prominent thief and racketeer, and Polly Peachum, his bride, the daughter of the king of the beggars. To celebrate the wedding the thieves break into some of the best houses and shops in town and stage an elegant celebration.

But the most unusual thing about this film is that Herr Pabst has endowed his eighteenth century gangsters (attired in costumes of about 1900) with a weird, disembodied quality which is as exciting as it is baffling to my simple American mind. I believe that director Pabst meant this atmosphere to be satiric—undoubtedly he had Chicago racketeers in mind in some of his revampings of the earlier work—but the fact remains that it is a good deal more than satire. Why should this story of London's underworld be so heavily charged with brooding suspense, why should he cast his figures in strange shadows, and why should they move with such mechanical, stylized gestures? There is even a hint of Communism in the beggars' procession at the end. In a way it resembles the *Miracle* of some years ago. The oftener you see it the more ideas you uncover. G. W. Pabst is one of the foremost German directors. Among his films are *Secrets of a Soul,* a demonstration of psychoanalysis from one of Freud's cases, *The White Hell of Pitz Palu,* and *Camerads of 1918.*

The Beggar's Opera is being distributed in this country by the Warner Brothers to satisfy "quota" requirements—and imagine their bewilderment when they see it.

Another German-language film worthy of attention is *Die Forester-christl.* The music is all based on Mozart and is beautifully sung by Irene Eisinger, who did so well in *Two Hearts in Waltz Time.*

Worth Seeing

Connecticut Yankee: Will Rogers playing around with King Arthur and his knights.
City Streets: Smooth gangster yarn with Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney.
The Front Page: Adolphe Menjou is rather surprising as a hard-boiled city editor in a grand movie.
Mad Melody: An Aesop's Fable animated cartoon which has a little fun with John Barrymore's **Svengali.**
The Millionaire: Only if you like George Arliss—but everybody does. The story is weak.
Public Enemy: One of the more brutal and realistic gangster films.
Quick Millions: Gangsters again—less bloodshed and more racketeering. With Spencer Tracy.
The Secret Six: Wallace Beery as one of the big Chicago beer barons.
Skippy: Percy Crosby's cartoon characters skillfully and happily brought to life—a story of children which is never cute or coy.
Tabu: Love and tragedy among simple South Sea Islanders—beautiful to look at, too.

Not So Good

Dirigible: Interesting air pictures, trite story.
Indiscreet: Gloria Swanson, clothes, and female shop talk.
Seed: A novel about birth control with all mention of birth control left out.
Svengali: John Barrymore amuses himself with makeup.

The Week's Housework

Up Pops the Devil, a sprightly little comedy of life in Greenwich Village, is only so-so as a movie. The struggling young author and his wife live in an apartment which any true Villager would describe as "gigantic." Passable time killer.

Young Sinners is Thomas Meighan's first talking picture and his first film since 1927. Mr. Meighan here turns up as an extremely broguey Irishman who reforms a pampered son of the idle rich by taking him out into the snowy woods to escape liquor, excitement and women.

Hell Bound displays Leo Carrillo as the sweetest and most lovable gunman who has appeared since Chicago got into the news.

News Note

Variety computes that but five per cent of the films released during 1931 will be concerned with gangsters, whereas seventeen per cent of the news columns in some dailies are given over to crime news. During 1930 eleven per cent of our movies were concerned with crime. If the best films of the season are concerned with gangsters, and if their popularity crowds out homelier and duller themes, who can help it? . . . .

What Can They Do?

If you have sons or daughters emerging from college one of these days, ready to begin their careers, this question must be in your minds—to say nothing of theirs. What *is* there for them to do, what work? What are the opportunities in business, industry, the professions; what are the compensations, the disadvantages?

In the June NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW seventeen men, whose achievements in their respective fields of endeavor are familiar to almost everyone, attempt to answer these questions.

James G. Harbord	**Radio**
Alfred P. Sloan	**The Automobile Industry**
Roy Durstine	**Advertising**
Carl Ackerman	**Journalism**
Richard F. Hoyt	**Aviation**
Franklin Escher	**Brokerage**
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Samuel Lambert	**Medicine**
Ralph Walker	**Architecture**
J. A. L. Waddell	**Engineering**
Brock Pemberton	**The Theatre**

etc., etc.

In this same issue are Struthers Burt's *These Pregnant Thirties,* a searching examination of this generation's attitude toward life; Carter Davidson's *The University of the Future;* Ellis Parker Butler's story, *Suspicion;* and other articles and departments.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

FOR the next three or four weeks these pieces about records must of necessity have something of a foreign flavor, as I am at present doing a fairly hurried tour of part of Europe and I shall be out of touch with the home market. However, I hope that the doings of the French, English and German companies on their home grounds may prove of interest to some of our readers.

Here in France one is impressed by the recognition accorded to the authors or composers as opposed (the word is used advisedly) to the interpreting artists. In fact, in the case of the venerable Vincent d'Indy, he is even allowed to append to the recording directed by himself of *Le Camp de Wallenstein*[1] what they aptly term a vocal autograph. That is to say, after an unnamed orchestra gets through playing the early descriptive tone poem of the dean of contemporary French composers, he explains that it was the first part of a trilogy and that it was written in 1874. Both the recording and the musician's remarks are neat and to the point.

Another idea which has been executed far too little in America, to my mind, is that of having poets recite their own verses on records. The Pathé Company have assembled what they call *Les Grandes Voix Françaises dans une Anthologie des Pöetes Contemporains Français* and put them into a convenient album. The poets include Paul Géraldy, Maurice Rostand and Rosamonde Gérard, among others perhaps less well known, and it is my opinion that American poets could profit by this French example. Poetry being so much a thing of the voice as well as the mind, it would seem that the person best qualified to interpret it, with all its nuances, would often be the poet himself. The issuers of this album have stolen one of the book-publishers' gags. It is limited to a thousand copies. That seems to me like nonsense, but as Barnum said—

For the lovers of ultra-modern music, an orchestra new to me—the *Association des Concerts Poulet,* under Gaston Poulet—makes its appearance on Parlophone disks, playing on five twelve-inch sides *L'Amour des Trois Oranges*[2], Prokofieff's symphonic suite. The odd side is the same composer's *Chout Ballet.* What the orchestra lacks in finesse it makes a valiant effort to make up in enthusiasm for the music's strange rhythms and harmonies.

O. C.-T.

1. Pathe 8806/7.
2. Parlophone 59082/4.

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

"IN THESE busy times," says an advertisement that has come to our breakfast table, "no one—except the scholar in his library—has time to read all the great works of fiction, to say nothing of the expense of purchasing so many books." Having given us this picture of the scholar as a lazy lout who has nothing to do but read fiction all day long, the folder goes on to describe probably the most horrible book we have ever heard of, *One Hundred Best Novels Condensed.* A "group of well known authors" have studied and condensed these books, "and have proceeded with such skill, such erudition, that as you read you almost feel you are reading the words of the great masters themselves. You laugh, you weep—" Well, we laughed, just reading about them. We darn near wept, too. Here are *Jane Eyre, The Three Musketeers, David Copperfield, The Iliad, Treasure Island* —to name a few—condensed probably to something under ten pages each. Think of getting *Twenty Years After* in ten pages! And *Alice in Wonderland,* which of the "prominent authors" would have the temerity to condense that? And what would be left after the process of desiccation was complete? You can no more condense any of these books than you can condense the Parthenon, or Mona Lisa—or a good dinner. The trouble with the whole idea is that the editor responsible for this monstrosity, God help him, is trying to sell the idea that the best books are tiresome and boring to read. No doubt they are, to him. But why should he spoil other people's fun? The one fault a good book invariably has is that it is too short. And the one purpose in reading any good book is the pleasure you get out of it. To read a fine novel painfully, merely to be able to say that you have read it, you must be the kind of person who would rather spend a few hours thumbing over Baedekers than a summer in Europe. Perhaps there are such people. We have never met any. What we do object to is the implication in this advertising matter that these hundred best books are dull and difficult—that they are, in fact, the hundred worst books, since the best books can only be those that the most people have found enjoyment in. What, we wonder, does the editor of this tome read when he reads for pleasure?

The enormous multiplication of sky-scrapers in mid-town Manhattan has in the past three years entirely changed the skyline of the city. We had not realized this until the other day, from the roof of the St. Regis, at 55th Street, which we had not visited in three years, we looked out and found the city entirely changed. Of course we had gaped at the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings as their glittering pinnacles shot skyward, but though the highest, they are only two among an enormous company of giants. Southward three years ago there stretched for a mile or more a flat plain, broken by a few church steeples and twenty-story buildings. To the north were only three really high buildings—the Heckscher, the Ritz Tower and the Savoy-Plaza. West and northwest were low buildings and the Park. Today the view to the west and north is jagged with the peaks of thirty and forty story buildings; to the south, with Chrysler and Empire State in the background, we counted some thirty towered buildings. The changes, even to one familiar with the details of them, were amazing. It is not alone the skyline of New York, of course, that changes continually. Having recently attempted to pin down in a guidebook some facts about the city, only to find that they had changed almost before we could get them down on paper, we wonder what will happen if the rate of change continues increasing in the same proportion. Growth and change in one's environment is healthy, but some things must remain stable so that one may have something to measure the change by. A city where you can go to bed at night in a residential district and wake up in the morning in the middle of a wholesale fur section won't be much fun to live in. We'd like to see New York stick to its status quo for five years and give us a chance to catch up.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

According to news dispatches, Mahatma Gandhi's self-denial diet limits his daily food to figs, corn and a dish composed mainly of birdseed.

Birdseed keeps Mahatma Gandhi
Always looking Fine and Dandhi.
Folks who shrink from Surplus Fat may
Take a tip from old Mahatmay:
Bid farewell to Cakes and Candhi
And keep a Box of Birdseed handhi!
(Shy on looks, but long on Virtue,
Gandhi claims it cannot hurt you);
If your legs start getting Bandhi
Blame it onto Mister Gandhi:
(We Americans prefer to
Place our Looks before our Virtue.)

MAURICE SAGOFF.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Fruit Store

IF SHE hadn't come across the money in the house that morning maybe she wouldn't have started thinking about it that way.

She had left the store and was straightening up the flat, and whatever made her walk over to the hiding place and take out the roll of bills, she didn't know. Like sudden words in her mind, that's what the money was. And she stood still and began to count it. But the words flashed faster in her mind than she could count the money; as though for seventeen years she'd been going on steadily thinking things in the dark—storing them up—storing them up—

Now her mind was suddenly as bright as day—brighter than lightning—and she could see everything she had been saving. (One hundred.) Back there, seventeen years ago, life was ahead of her—oh, beautiful and exciting! That's what he had meant to her—that's what they had promised each other—without saying anything—but hadn't he wanted it as much as she? (Two hundred.) Why, back there when she looked ahead it was as if a light was touching everything. Like gold. She could remember it was in the store even—in the first little store that wasn't much more'n a stand—lying all over the fruit and shining at the window.

(Three hundred.) Yes, and that's what she had thought life was—bright, and people laughing, and him and herself finding out about it together. So she'd done everything just as he had said. But you had to work for it he had said. So she had worked for it. Oh, God! hadn't she worked for it? The flat and the store, the store and the flat—(four hundred)—she hadn't been out of them—she hadn't been anywhere—seen nothing—no friends—dropping in bed like a dog at night—no pleasure—no clothes—nothing to look at but the fruit and the customers. Forty years old and look at her!—(five hundred). Where had it all gone to? Where had her life gone to? And all the notions she had about things being beautiful? And finding out—my God, what had she found out? Nothing. She'd found out her life was gone—(and fifty and sixty and seventy and eighty—and six hundred). Yes. That was it. Six hundred in her hand. And how much in the banks?

She knew it by heart but she looked inside both bank books and stared at the final figures after their two names. Ten thousand. And in the other bank, seven thousand. Seventeen. That's where it had all gone to. Life and being young. And for a minute she didn't think at all, only stood watching the sunlight and growing frightened.

Still holding to the money and the bank books, she ran over to a mirror and peered inside it at a terrified woman. Was she too old—already? She stuffed the money and the bank books inside her bosom and catching up a shawl threw it over her head. Seventeen years, and she had done just as he told her.

Maybe—by now she was outside on the street, hurrying—maybe she could get some of it back.

. . . .

When ten minutes of twelve came round he raised his eyes to the clock. It used to please him to do that, and even now there was a sober satisfaction in it. He never missed it; never a minute too soon or too late. It was wonderful he thought—looking around the store and putting his hand in his pocket for his keys—what regular habits will do for a man. He can rule his life by them; and without them he'll bring only misfortune on his head.

There was nothing out of order in the store. The mounds of golden oranges and crimson apples rose about him in regular and perfect pyramids. The pears like polished wax shone from their tilted boxes. The grapes gleamed softly from the sawdust and the bananas, hanging like great chandeliers, were exactly the right color. Perhaps it was only his imagination but the fruit seemed to fill the store with a shining light. Or maybe it was just the way the sunlight fell.

He stepped out into the street and locked the door behind him, turning just long enough for a last approving glance. Five times as big, it was, as the first store. And with a double window. And for every year it had given another thousand dollars to the savings bank. Even a store you could teach to have regular habits! He and his wife, they had worked hard and maybe it was not always easy, but they took their satisfaction in the store. They lived regularly by the clock and they saved money. And now, if hard times came—or sickness—or old age—they would have no worry. Meanwhile, did they ever disagree or quarrel? No; she was a good wife. The thought of her and of the hot lunch she would have waiting for him almost hurried him from his accustomed gait.

But as usual the clock was striking twelve as he opened the door of the flat. For a moment he stood still, and, slowly, an uneasiness came over him. There was no smell of cooking in the air. Only a hush filled the rooms. He closed the door and walked inside with a queer feeling of dread. Why shouldn't he call her name, he asked himself?

But, instead of speaking out loud, he walked directly to the hiding place and found it open. Nothing there. He turned and looked once into each of the three rooms, and reached the street again. The savings banks; and afterwards—

Afterwards, he talked it over with the sergeant of police.

"No—no—" he said and wiped his face tremblingly with a large bright handkerchief. "How should I guess where she has gone—eleven thousand she took with her—yes, and six hundred from the house. What is she like? She—she is forty years old—"

He stopped there to consider the next question, struggling. "Reason? Reason. There was no reason." Something was hurting him, horribly; in his chest—in his head. For the first time he tried to look into her mind, to understand something that was strange and full of pain.

"Perhaps," he said—mopping his face in a kind of agony, "she got tired—every day—to get up at four o'clock—for breakfast—every day to be staying so late at the—at the store."

CONDITIONS OF THE REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, $2 each for the next seven chosen, and $1 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

Have You a Job for Someone?

Let your wants be known. Our readers and their friends will know someone for the job. For rates see the classified columns on page 128.

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Propaganda Stealing the Movies

(Continued from Page 113)

Four of the major film companies, Paramount-Publix, Warner Brothers (controlling as well, Vitaphone and First National), Fox (through the Loew interests owning Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) and Pathe, have already started or produced sponsored films. The Radio-Keith-Orpheum group of the R.-K.-O.-Pathe Corporation is standing by at present and watching the experiment with great interest. In competing with publications and the radio for a share in the tremendous amount spent each year on advertising, the producers have two powerful levers.

First, they can guarantee distribution of advertising, which is more than the radio interests can do. No one, as yet, has been able to prove to hard-headed advertisers just how many listen in to a radio program. Through the box office the cinema producer can count every individual making up his audience. Using this method, for example, the Paramount-Publix Corporation has been able to contract to run their picture on "Lysol" in their 1,200 cinema houses until the film obtains an actual box office count of 5,000,000 men, women or children who have seen the "Lysol" cartoon film. When you consider that this film is sold to Lehn and Fink at a reputed cost of $5,000 per million audience you have a figure which is unusually reasonable when compared to the frantic guesswork entailed in radio advertising and about twice as much as the average of $2,800 per page rate per million readers as sold in the leading national publications.

Second, as a lever to sell their advertising films, despite the fact cinema advertising rates are higher when compared with publications, the movie financial geniuses have the advantage of newspapers and magazines in that while you do not have to look at publication advertising *you are forced to absorb a sponsored talking film!* No matter whether or not you like the advertising on the screen, unless you go to the hitherto unrealized lengths of shutting your eyes and stopping your ears or, in desperation, walking out on a program you have paid from fifty cents to two dollars to see and hear, you are placed in a position which requires you to notice the advertising message to the bitter end.

Undoubtedly the major reason for the recent attempt of the four most prominent picture companies to add more theatres to their chains was that they wanted to increase the circulation of sponsored pictures to be offered to prospective buyers. Since 1930 Fox-Loew, with nearly 750 houses, has increased its holdings by 25 per cent; Paramount, now possessing 1,200 theatres, by 40 per cent; Radio-Keith-Orpheum group of R.-K.-O.-Pathe, with over 300 leased or owned cinemas, by 30 per cent; and Warner Brothers, with 700 theatres, by a full 100 per cent! Here is a grand total of approximately 3,000 outlets for sponsored films drawing 40 per cent of the entire movie-going audience. Other independents, such as Theatre Service, Metropolitan, Visugraphic and the Pathe group, are signing up independent theatres and small chain houses into large releasing associations very much like the Columbia Broadcasting Company, and, to a lesser extent, the N. B. C., have done with strategically located independent broadcasting stations.

Already several contracts for sponsored films have been made. In addition to the Anti-Saloon League films and the cartoon feature on "Lysol" produced by Paramount and sponsored by Lehn and Fink, Warner Brothers have completed their first eleven-minute sponsored film, "Such Popularity," featuring two ex-vaudevillists, Clark and McCullough, for Liggett and Myers, manufacturers of Chesterfield cigarettes. Liggett and Myers have also made one other sponsored film, "Movie Memories," which did not have the wide distribution planned for "Such Popularity." Metropolitan made a sponsored film for Richfield gasoline, starring a well-known comedian, Lloyd Hamilton, with this gentleman doing his routine comic business in front of a service station prominently displaying the sign, "Richfield." This film was reported to have cost about $35,000. Films using lesser stars are proportionately less, running from $800 to $15,000. So far no really first-rate cinema star has sold his name to any commercial films as Andy and Amos have over the radio for Pepsodent, Bobby Jones for Listerine, Floyd Gibbons and Lowell Thomas for *Literary Digest* or Will Rogers for Squibbs. Once the success of the sponsored film is definitely established, stars of first magnitude will be ready to be presented in nationally released, sponsored programs at charges worthy of their names. There is no doubt that a number of people would be willing to pay good money to see Norma Shearer, Buddy Rogers, Ruth Chatterton or Charles Farrell even if they knew these stars were appearing in an advertising picture. All these stars have endorsed advertised products with their signatures, including some products of no value whatsoever. There is no reason to doubt that they would have any objection to endorsing advertised products with their acting if the cash offer was high enough.

The sponsored movies skillfully get around the human desire to receive entertainment instead of advertising by following the radio broadcasting method of sugar-coating advertising with thick layers of amusement. Except for the title, "Sponsored by the makers of Chesterfields," it would be almost impossible to know that "Such Popularity" was an advertising film. The continuity has nothing to do with cigarette advertising. The advertising is more subtle; the film is supposed to promote the sale of cigarettes by building up good will in the same unobtrusive manner that radio advertising is supposed to do—and does!

It will become more and more difficult for the public to determine the films which are sponsored and those which are not. Last week I saw George Sidney and Charlie Murray, two sad comics, in a two-reel comedy called the "Crisco Kid." Three or four times during the continuity the word "Crisco" was emphasized. There was no title saying that the makers of a very good vegetable shortening labelled by the same name had sponsored this picture. Yet Sidney and Murray have never before appeared in a short film. From the circumstances I would be willing to wager that there was an advertising tie-up, yet I do not know. I saw a fairly entertaining comedy. I was reminded of a vegetable

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SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

California

FOR SALE. On principal boulevard between Oakland and Berkeley in Greater San Francisco's East Bay Area, through lot between Telegraph Ave. on the east and Racine St. on the west. Faces east into end of Sixtieth St. and west into Bushrod Park. Lot directly east of end of new trans-bay bridge about to be built. Very central location for coming decade; well suited for apartment or garage; size approximately 86 by 130 feet. Address L. M. BOYERS, 506 Bank of America Building, Berkeley, Calif.

BEAUTIFUL 20 ACRE WALNUT RANCH HOME near Los Angeles. 6 room house, fireplace, bath. 3 bed rooms, double garage, home-orchard. Electricity available. Pure water. Sell for very reasonable price. S. M. ANDERSON, Chatsworth, California.

LAKE FRONT HOME (10 rooms) sixty (or 110 if desired) by 150 ft. center of Oakland, California. Wonderful hotel, apartment site. Value steadily increasing. San Francisco Bay district. Best yearly climate in world. Closing estate—bargain price. Pictures, etc. from W. W. KERGAN, Attorney, Russ Building, San Francisco, Calif.

AN INVESTMENT IN CALIFORNIA

A new 51-room apartment house consisting of 15 three-room apts. and 3 two-room apts., 14 beautifully furnished, modern to the minute with Automatic Steam Heat, Frigidaires, Electric Ranges, Incinerator, etc. Located in a fine residential section close to all transportation, Schools, Theatre, Library, Shopping District. Income $1,050 per month. Price $60,000. Cash down $25,000, balance on long term amortizing loan 6%. A rare chance for anyone with $25,000 to secure a large income with financial security. Address THOS. D. FISHER, Owner, 2100—51st Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Connecticut

FOR RENT—June to October; all-year house on sound. Private beach; between New Haven, Milford. Sleeping porch, two bathrooms, tennis court, canoe. 1923 Outlook and Independent.

FOR SALE OR TO LET. Furnished four and five room cottages overlooking lovely lake; every convenience. Moderate rental includes garage, fireplace wood, electricity, boat. Complete equipment for housekeeping, but meals nearby if desired. For terms and information address MRS. CHARLES NATSCH, Columbia, Conn.

Florida

FOR SALE—A beautiful and modern home located in central part of Florida in city of 4000 bordering on scenic lake, splendid water supply, excellent schools, good roads. This two-story home has fireplace, hot and cold water, large bathrooms, 3 bedrooms, large living room, dining room and kitchen, six closets and comfortably furnished. Large lot with orange and grapefruit trees. Ideal for winter or year round. Picture and more particulars on request. Box 297, Moravia, New York.

Maine

FURNISHED HOUSE, Boothbay Harbor 9 rooms, bath, fireplace, electricity, heat. Finest location on Harbor, rent reasonable. F. W. BLAIR, 143 E. 39th St., New York, N. Y.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—South Harpswell, Maine. Furnished house on beautiful Casco Bay. Sea view from every window. Modern conveniences. Four bedrooms, garage. Sell reasonable or will exchange for summer home nearer Washington, D. C. Address Apartment 725, 2400 Sixteenth St., Washington, D. C.

$275. FOR RENT. Cottage. 6 bed rooms, dining room, kitchen, bath, electricity, wide porches facing ocean. Fully furnished. For information address E. P. BREWER, Christmas Cove, Maine.

BAR HARBOR TOWNSHIP—Attractive furnished cottage on salt water for July and August. Modern plumbing, piano, garage, $130 monthly. Box 442, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.

BEAUTIFUL SQUIRREL ISLAND, MAINE. Squirrel Cottage completely furnished. Modern, luxurious and comfortable. Fine ocean location. Handy for Chapel, Library, Casino, Post Office, Store, Telephone and Telegraph, Tea Shop and all social activities. To rent this season for $800. Eight sleeping rooms; 3 baths; beautiful living rooms, open fire. Dining room with separate maids dining and living rooms. You will love Squirrel Island. Address MRS. ANNA M. BAKER, Squirrel Island, Maine.

Maryland

FOR SALE—SPACIOUS OLD BRICK HOME with 10 or more acres, beautifully located 10 minutes' drive from heart of Washington, D. C.; 9 rooms and bath; stately white columned porches; high ceilings; 3 marble and 5 brick fireplaces; furnace; large windows; big basement. Fine grove of trees; overlooking picturesque valley. Near University of Maryland. With certain improvements, ideal for gentleman's estate or club. Surrounding property held by corporation, millionaire, and banker at double price asked for this. Owner going West. Property absolutely clear. Price only $37,500. J. C. CLAY, College Park, Maryland.

Massachusetts

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. FOR SALE—20 minutes from Edgartown, 300 acres land 40 of it large oak wood. 428 rods shore on salt water lake. Ocean breeze from southwest. Large house. Modern conveniences. Two other large buildings. Would make fine School, Club or private homes. On account of ill health for sale for half price. MRS. P. R. LOOK, West Tisbury, Mass.

Michigan

MICHIGAN, ANTRIM COUNTY, 5600 acres, one parcel. Ideal for hunting, fishing or club. Price $4.50 per acre net, no trade. MR. GIBBS, 8th floor, Washington Boulevard Building, Detroit, Mich.

Minnesota

AT QUAINT OLD FRONTENAC in heart of scenic Mississippi River bluff country, 14 room house, ideal location, overlooking Lake Pepin, all conveniences, large grounds. For sale, E. S. HALL, Frontenac, Minnesota.

New Hampshire

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished for rent and for sale. Write booklets. **Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.** Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

COMFORTABLE FARM HOUSE, neatly furnished, to rent for the season. MISS FERRY, 1 Hicks Place, Flushing, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Country home in New Hampshire, almost 200 acres, part heavily timbered, 1½ story New England farm house about 125 years old with some original pine panelled walls. Splendid opportunity for development. Own water supply. Wonderful view White and Green Mountains. Desirable summer neighbors. Low price and reasonable terms to right party. 1963 Outlook and Independent.

ATTRACTIVE 10-ROOM HOUSE, beautifully situated in Hanover, the home of Dartmouth College, will be available at a reasonable rental for July and August. Furnished. Garage. Excellent golf course nearby. Box 566, Hanover, N. H.

New Jersey

CULVERS LAKE, BRANCHVILLE. FOR SALE—Holiday Hall—Artistic 9-room summer cottage; completely furnished. All modern conveniences. Three-car garage. Woodsy setting; 200-foot frontage west shore Culvers Lake. Canoe, outboard motor boat. Full particulars. A. J. PARTRICK, 180 Highland Ave., Ridgewood, N. J.

New York

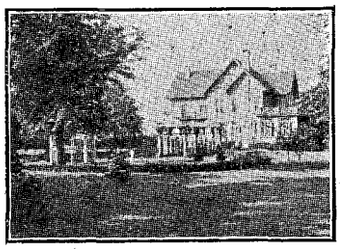
FOR SALE—SUMMER CAMP. Furnished. On shore of Long Lake in heart of Adirondacks. Suitable for boarders, convalescent camp or club. Accommodates 30 people. For further information write to MRS. C. V. MANN, 97 Morris St., Albany, N. Y. After May 15th to Long Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y.

FOR SALE—The Midway, on Main Street. All-year rooming house with dining and tea rooms. Excellent food at reasonable prices. Oil furnace and water heater. Garage. Trees, lawns, flowers. Apply to owner: MISS GARRARD, Box 55, Bellport, N. Y.

SHANDAKEN, ULSTER COUNTY, N. Y., in heart of Catskills, for rent for season; 7 room cottage. Sleeping porch, fireplace, modern conveniences, near golf, restricted community. $425. W. H. WAKEHAM, Darien, Connecticut.

FOR RENT—PONEMAH ISLAND, Chippewa Bay, St. Lawrence River. Reached via Hammond, N. Y. New York Central Railroad. Six bedrooms, besides three servants bedrooms, three baths, three fireplaces. Electric light, automatic water supply. Two motor boat slips, two skiffs, canoe, sail boat, safe 25 ft. motor boat if desired. Excellent sheltered bathing beach. Fully furnished. Ice house filled. JOHN C. HOWARD, Ogdensburg, New York.

New York



NEWARK, NEW YORK (*not New Jersey*) A live, friendly village of 7,500, on main line of New York Central Ry., 30 miles east of Rochester. Paved roads in all directions. Only 20 miles from Lake Ontario and 20 to 45 miles to all the Finger Lakes. Well equipped country club with extra good nine-hole course. This beautiful country place has never before been offered for sale. About 3¼ acres of land, bordered by attractive stream. Eleven room, tile roofed house with three baths. High, roomy attic. ABC Oil-burning heater. Crane water softener. Three-car garage with stalls for two horses. Poultry house and large vegetable garden. Fountain pool, pergola, many large and fine trees. Terms. KELLEY-SPENCER, NEWARK, NEW YORK, or your own broker.

FOR RENT—Near Millbrook, N. Y. attractively furnished cottage, eight rooms, two baths, large living room, stone fireplace, spacious porch. All improvements. Quiet, refined neighborhood, rural community. Address 1921 Outlook and Independent.

COMFORTABLE FARMHOUSE, neatly furnished, to rent for the season. MISS FERRY. 1 Hicks Place, Flushing, N. Y.

New York City

FOR RENT—Park Avenue, especially attractive, furnished 6 room apartment to Sept. 30. Excellent surroundings and convenient location. Bargain. The Outlook, Box 1931.

H. S. TEACHER'S APARTMENT; sublet summer. 5 rooms; 3 exposures; view East River; near Elevated. Comfortable beds; real kitchen; phone; piano; books. Very reasonable. 1961 Outlook and Independent.

New Zealand

FOR SALE: Beautiful miniature estate, one acre, brick colonial, 9 rooms, 4 baths, oil burner, frigidaire. Rare shrubs, located in the hills of New Zealand. Price $2,050, terms $500 cash. FINDEM REALTY COMPANY, Auckland, New Zealand.

North Carolina

WANTED PARTNER with $3,000 for half interest to develop proposition. Probable annual income $6,000 to $20,000. Careful investigation invited. X, Outlook and Independent.

Vermont

SUMMER HOMES
MANCHESTER, VT.—DORSET, VT.
For Rent or For Sale
W. H. SHAW, Manchester Center, Vt.

shortening at the same time. The title of this particular film may have been a coincidence. You may be sure that there will be other films like it, not coincidences, but examples of a very smooth type of advertising. Too much advertising or too little can spoil a sponsored film. As Peter B. B. Andrews frankly admits in one of the leading advertising trade journals, ". . . . advertising is inserted cautiously, at first only at the beginning and end of the picture, and in some cases only at the end. If the audience is thought approving, more advertising is kneeded (sic) into the picture, until a saturation point of advertising insertion is noted."

If advertising matter can be continued to be inserted painlessly into cinema productions, then the producers have found an Aladdin's lamp to replenish their worn money-bags. When you buy a magazine or newspaper you pay only a fraction of its cost; by paying for a large part of the cost of a publication the advertisers actually pay you to read their announcements. In radio the entire expense of entertaining you after you have bought your set is assumed by advertisers. But you have to pay in full to see the sponsored film, and the moving picture producers can see nothing ethically wrong in selling you two and a half hours of entertainment and then turning around and reselling ten to fifteen minutes of that identical time to advertisers!

Whether or not the sponsored film will be financially successful depends entirely upon the movie audience. Until now the public has been content to swallow practically anything offered to them. At present, and this is causing considerable anxiety to Hollywood master minds, there are certain faint indications that this hitherto docile and passive audience is showing vague but unmistakable signs of irritation. If the public can see nothing wrong in having part of the entertainment time they have bought sold again without a major reduction in admission price, if they can see nothing wrong in being invited to relax and forget the roll and surge and pressure of business around them by seeing and hearing two and one half hours of entertainment and then having that precious escape subtly cut by fifteen minutes of hard, smooth, dominating, inescapable commercial propaganda, then there is little doubt that the newspapers, magazines and radio will have to fight another competitor for the advertisers' dollar, and that sponsored films will prove the Heaven-sent life saver for the anaemic cinema.

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Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and 25c charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Canada

TWO GUESTS FOR JUNE in private camp Eastern Canada aside from beaten trail. Lovely pine woods. Fragrant salt air. City conveniences. 1917 Outlook and Independent.

Colorado

AN OPPORTUNITY to spend a vacation on a real Western ranch. Excellent trout fishing. F-SLASH RANCH, Granby, Colorado, will receive limited number of guests for July, August and September.

Connecticut

OVERLOOK FARM, Cannondale, Conn. High altitude, Artesian well, every modern improvement. A restful home for paying guests.

A QUIET PLACE TO REST. Altitude 1,400 feet. Excellent table. Horseback riding—golf. $23 per week single, $18 per week double rooms. COLEBROOK INN, Colebrook, Conn.

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON
Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Elegant suites and many bedrooms with private bathrooms. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from 10/6 ($2.50). Send for Illustrated Booklet to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W.C.

Maine

CLIFF HOUSE and COTTAGES
OGUNQUIT BY THE SEA, MAINE

Bald Head Cliff. May 28 to Oct. 1. Most beautiful spot in Maine, quiet and homelike. 100 feet elevation. Booklets. Much lower rates to June 25 and for Sept. C. E. WEARE, Prop.

DRIFTWOOD, BAILEY ISLAND, MAINE. 18 miles from Portland, Maine. Cool, invigorating sea breezes. Picturesque views of rugged shore. No more beautiful location on Maine coast. Excellent table; fresh fruits; vegetables, meat and fish. Season June 22nd to October 1st. Moderate rates. Mrs. N. C. Stone.

OCEANIC HOUSE
Trefethens, Peaks Island, Maine.
Overlooking Casco Bay. Homelike, comforts. Fine bathing, miniature golf, boating and sailing. Excellent home cooking.
WINSLOW R. STERLING

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE

A quiet, cosy little House by the sea. Opens June 27th. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 27th season.

New Hampshire

CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE
May 1st—November 1st

A spacious comfortable house for a limited number of guests. Box 786, Windsor, Vermont.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Massachusetts

BOSTON

FOR modern travelers by air, rail or highway, here's a cordial welcome and complete hotel service. Wide variety of restaurants. Room with bath—single $3-$5. Double $4-$8. Garage service.

HOTEL LENOX
HOTEL BRUNSWICK
Boylston St. on either side of Copley Sq.
HOTEL BRADFORD
Tremont St. near Boston Common
L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT

New Jersey

GALEN HALL
Hotel and Sanatorium
ATLANTIC CITY

The utmost for your comfort and pleasure. Excellence without Extravagance. Write for reservations.

Galen Hall Company

New York

"ROADS END" **On Lake Sacandaga**
"Where the Trails Begin"
Adirondacks

A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the campfire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N.Y.

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

ADIRONDACKS FORDWAY CAMPS AUGER LAKE
For Gentiles. New attractive furnished housekeeping bungalows, located on large tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150 to $300 including garage, ice, firewood and rowboat.
Mace & Nichols **Keeseville, N. Y.**

QUIET COUNTRY HOME RECEIVES GUESTS. Wholesome food. Inviting walks and drives. Golf, saddle horses, available. SUNNY RIDGE, Box 142, Cornwall, N. Y.

MOHICAN HOUSE SABBATH DAY POINT ON LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.
Acc. 125, Popular Resort. On State Highway. Bathing, Boating, Tennis. $18-$20. Booklet.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson **53 Washington Sq. New York City**
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Vermont

Just the place for a restful vacation in the heart of the Green Mountains. Write for particulars. Valley View Farm, Pittsford, Vermont.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Vermont

IDEAL SUMMER RESORT FOR INVALIDS. A limited number of those in need of rest and care of trained nurse night and day. Special diets our specialty. Best of references. Home cooked food and fresh vegetables. Write for information to M. G., Outlook and Independent. Rates $25 and up.

West Virginia

MEDIA FARM
Come to the country for a delightful vacation. Southern Hospitality. Virginia Meals. Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Dancing, also peace and quiet for those who desire them.
Major Marshall W. MacDonald
Charles Town, West Virginia
Rates: $15-$20 and $30 per week.

BOARD

WESTCHESTER COUNTY. Ideal Home. Business or professional man with English family. Boating, golf and tennis facilities near. 45 minutes from N. Y. on inlet of sound. References. Ainley, 36 Stuart Avenue, Mamaroneck.

TRAINED nurse offers two small children unusual home and training. Successful with difficult children. Car. Beach. Box 9706 Outlook and Independent.

ACCOMMODATE ONE CONVALESCENT—Jersey Hills near Montclair—ideal location—Nurse's private home. All conveniences—sun parlor—references. B, Great Notch, New Jersey.

BERKSHIRE HILLS, COUNTRY BOARD. 15 miles from Pittsfield. Stagecoach tavern. Homelike surroundings. Rates reasonable. MRS. A. D. McSORLEY, Hancock, Mass.

HELP WANTED

POSITIONS on Ocean Liners; Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. 292-G, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

REFINED, well educated lady desires position as traveling companion or supervisor of home. Last position with the late Mr. Nathan Strauss. Two languages; wide experience. Splendid references. Box 9705 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION to gentleman while traveling, desired by lady of culture, refinement and modesty. Finest credentials. Box 9707 Outlook and Independent.

RECOMMEND most highly my friend as companion for travel or home. Countess Tolstoy. Box 9708 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE STUDENT taking home economic course desires position in Tea Room or to assist in interior decorating. References given and required. 9714 Outlook and Independent.

RESOURCEFUL, well-educated nurse desires position as traveling companion. Years of experience. Compensation not main object. 9715 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE MAN, senior year, desires position as tutor. Has specialized in English and French, also is experienced stenographer. Best references. 9716 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, author of English text books, would like part time work, secretary in client's home, would chaperon one or more young women here or abroad. Wide experience in traveling. Best social and business references. X Y Z, Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, New York City.

TRAINED NURSE—Companion to invalid. Disengaged in June. 9718 Outlook and Independent.

CLUB PAPERS, ARTICLES

CLUB PAPERS, REVIEWS, ESSAYS, SPEECHES, specially prepared. Prompt, scholarly service. AUTHORS' RESEARCH BUREAU, Room 360, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOROSCOPES Scientific Astrology practically applied to business.
Finance, Health, Events. Horoscopes written in detail.
GEORGE W. SMALLWOOD, M. D.
PEPPERELL - - MASSACHUSETTS

MAPLE SUGAR
Genuine Vermont Maple Sugar
24 Sugar Cakes Prepaid $1.00
CARL GRAY, Fairfax, Vt.

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Rattler" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

GRAPHOLOGIST

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS WHAT YOU ARE BEST fitted for. Alexander's frank analysis of your handwriting unusual, valuable. $1.00. DON ALEXANDER, 140 East 34th St., New York City.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

YOUR COMPLETE PERSONAL HOROSCOPE calculated by one of the foremost American astrologers (graduate engineer and mathematician.) A highly scientific, practical, individual and confidential Astrological Service touching all angles of the personal life. When writing for terms send date and place of birth for brief personal survey. Positively no obligation. ROSS PATTERSON, Rockport, Knox County, Maine.

GENUINE NAVAJO RUGS
Direct from Reservation. Lowest prices in years. Beautiful colors and designs. Wear a lifetime. $6.00 up. Catalog. C. G. Newcomb, Crystal, N. M.

FUN! Clever, new, original novelties create laughter. 3 latest smile cards. 25c. Folder free. MOBRCO, 5054 Seabreeze Station, Daytona Beach, Florida.

BOOKS

THE LIBRARY OF POPULAR KNOWLEDGE: three volumes, on Business, Law, Health and Marriage. Illustrated and extremely interesting and useful. Price $5 the set. JOHN HODSON, B. A. (Queen's), Box 173, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FICTION: who and what they are according to history and their own inner teachings; literature mailed on request. PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

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